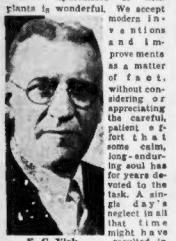
Carnations From Seeds

Start Pots Indoors Now for Early Blooms; Rich Soil, Full Sun

By EDWARD C. VICK
Home Garden Editor

What hybridizers do with plants is wonderful. We accept modern inventions and improvements as a matter of fact, without considering or appreciating the careful, patient effort that some calm, long-enduring soul has for years devoted to the task. A single day's neglect in all that time might have resulted in complete failure. It is a wonderful gamble of labor, through many years, with the question "whether the result will be success or failure.



E. C. Vick

Everybody loves carnations with the beautiful snow white, pink or red flowers and their delightful, spicy fragrance.

Formerly only the garden pink was suitable for home gardens. Now, as a result of the work of hybridists, the old garden pink has been bred and brought up to better society, until now we have carnations that can be grown from seed, quite equal to florists' flowers. The blooms are two to two-and-a-half inches across, even more fragrant than those of the florist, and in a wider range of colors, on stems fifteen to eighteen inches long. The flowers are fully double and of first quality, produced on thrifty plants sixteen to twenty inches high.

Start the seeds in boxes or pots in the house as early as possible in order to obtain early blooms. Now is none too early. Plants started early will flower soon after they are set out in the garden, after frost danger is passed. Give full sunshine, rich soil, located in a well drained location. Seeds sown early in February will produce plants that will flower in June or early July and through the Summer.

In the Autumn dig the plants, cut them back and pot them, and they will flower again in the house. In cold regions they will not stand the Winter outside unless well protected, and may not survive even then. It is well to pot some and take inside for safety's sake.

Double flowering varieties of some plants never produce all double flowering individuals.

STAR DAHLIA SEEDS

Orchid-flowered, single, colossal, decorative and collarette Dahlias can be grown from seed, offered in the separate types, this year. Start the seed early indoors or in a hotbed and set out the plants after danger of frost has passed.

Nature's Sweet Charmer

EVERYBODY LOVES Carnations with their beautiful snow white, pink or red flowers and their delightful spicy fragrance. Included in the Boston Advertiser Beauty collection listed elsewhere on this page.

Scabiosa Seeds Need Very Little Water

Scabiosa seed should have rather dry conditions for germination. Otherwise the seed either rots or damps off upon sprouting, particularly the Isaac House's hybrids, so a writer says in Horticulture. The pots or boxes should be filled with soil, watered and allowed to drain. Then sow the seeds on the surface and cover with about a half-inch of dry soil and press the soil down firmly, but do not water, is the recommendation.

Germination will begin within a week, continuing for a month. Watering should consist of simply spraying the soil when it appears dry.

WINTER GARDEN TASKS

Start seeds early of slow-germinating kinds. Also start seeds early of plants that take time to develop into flowering size. Some carnations started now from seeds will flower in early summer and throughout the season. In the autumn they can be taken up, potted and placed in a window garden in the house, where they will bloom again.

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Snapdragons, Forget-me-nots, Lobelias and Antulions seeds should be started early from seeds for Summer flowering.

• • •

Sponge the foliage of Dracaenas, Crotons, Camellias, Gardenias, Rubber Plants, Aspidistras, etc.

• • •

Coldframes and hotbeds will require mats over them when the thermometer falls very low. In bitter winds, protect the outside of the frames with straw or other litter.

• • •

Air is needed in conservatories and greenhouses though the weather may be severely cold. Dampness in a close atmosphere can start considerable trouble. The ventilators need not be open very wide, but a current of air is needed to prevent damping-off and diseases resulting from close, damp atmosphere.

• • •

Crowns of Lily of the Valley planted in soil, or sphagnum moss kept moist, will develop good flowers and foliage in moderate heat and good light.

• • •

It is time to look over dahlia and canna tubers again, to see that they are keeping properly. If there is suggestions of trouble do what is necessary to prevent either rotting or drying out.

• • •

Snow may damage valuable trees and shrubs. A broom is a good implement to use for dislodging the snow without injury. Gently raise the branches of evergreens and shrubs from below, shaking out the snow.

• • •

Stir the soil on the surface of potted plants without injuring the roots that are near the surface. Plants will not thrive where the surface is caked and hard.

• • •

It is a good time to paint common clay pots that are wanted on the porch or where a neat pot is required. Red or green are good colors to use.

Batteries Win Poultry Profits For Army Man

By UNCLE TED

Last week I told you about the Tate family and their successful experience with battery poultry raising. Today we visit a Mr. Numbers, retired from Uncle Sam's army, but still on the reserve officers roles at the War Department.

Courtesy Arndt Manufacturing Company

Mr. Numbers has erected his "Indoor Poultry Farm" adjoining the garage on his city lot.

For almost two years after retirement, Mr. Numbers searched for something to occupy his time and mind. He needed something in which he could become vitally interested, something which would give him some return for his endeavors.

Finally, the retired army man learned of the battery system of raising poultry in confinement. After consulting with Milton H. Arndt, originator of the system, he started in a small way with poultry in batteries.

He had found what he was looking for. His interest and enthusiasm increased as the little plant got under way. He was contented and happy, and he was making money.

Gradually, he is expanding the size of his plant. He has built a special building right on his city lot. In this building he raised choice broilers which find a ready market in his own community. He also produces fresh eggs of such superior quality that his customers gladly call for them.

Here is a hobby which can be followed right at home and which returns a nice profit for the time and money expended.

There are thousands of men like Mr. Numbers who have idle time on their hands which could be coined into dollars if they only knew how to do it. A beginning can be made in a small way with 100 chicks. The necessary equipment for raising them can be set up in any room which can be heated. Such a room or outbuilding can usually be found on the average suburban or village property. In a pinch, the car can be parked outside for a time, or an addition can be built on one side of the garage at small outlay.

Eventually, if a real business is to be established, it will be necessary to erect a one or two-story building to accommodate equipment on a commercial scale. It is amazing what can be accomplished in an ordinary back yard by using the battery system. We know of several successful, full-time businesses which have been established on village or suburban properties no larger than 40 feet by 100 feet.

The secret of the success of these back yard plants lies partly in the fact that all products go direct to the consumers by the shortest possible route. There are no middleman's profits, no transportation charges and no shrinkage or breakage in transit.

It is not necessary to keep roosters as sterile eggs are superior for table use. The birds are confined so that there is little noise outside the building to disturb the neighbors. In fact, you might drive past such a plant as that of Mr. Numbers without suspecting that there was any poultry on the place.

Indoor poultry raising by the battery system affords any man or woman a profitable hobby which can be developed into a full-time occupation should the need arise.

TIE UP PLANT COVERS

In windy weather, temporary coverings of straw in the garden, or other light material, must be held in position with string fastened to pegs. In February and March winds are high and blow litter around unless it is held in place with string. Peat moss which has had the surface wet will usually remain in place, otherwise it may blow away unless covered with evergreen boughs.

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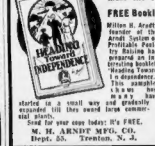

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Beverly Nichols, British writer and amateur gardener—from an article in Scribner's Magazine.

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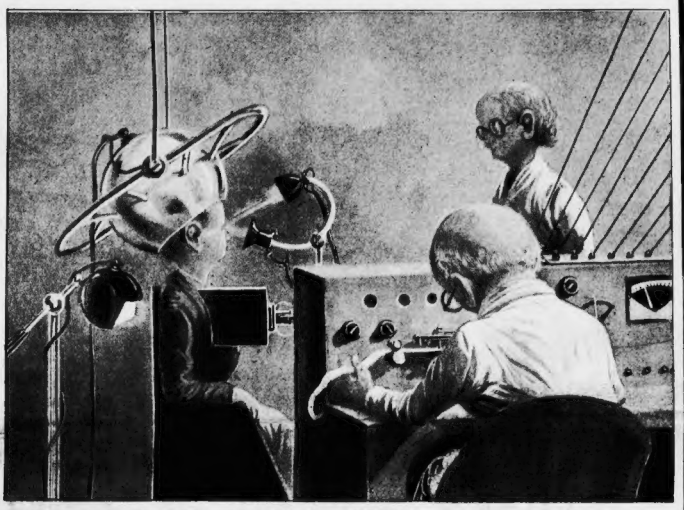
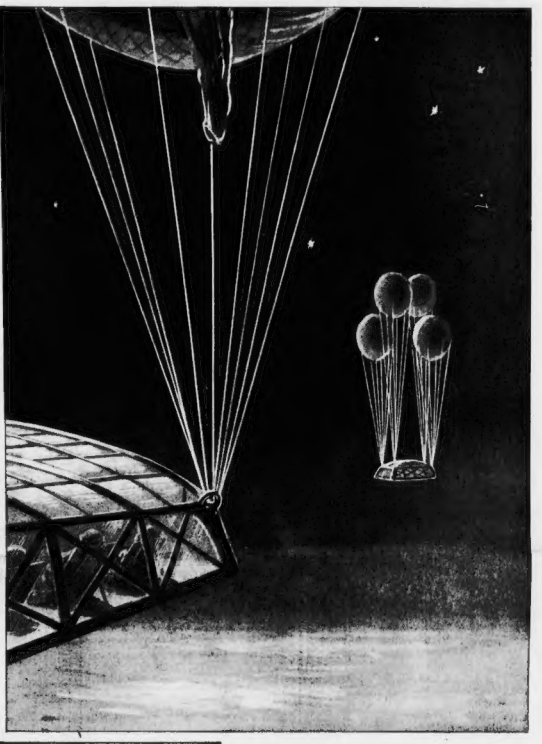
Sunday, Jan. 26, 1936

How Man Will Look And Live 20,000 Years From Now

Professor Thevenin Points Out the Changes That Are Going On Around Us, Which Will Transform Our Habits and Even Our Appearance.





It Is Already Being Observed That All Human Activities, As Well As Those of the Universe, Express Themselves by Vibrations and Wave Movements. It Can Reasonably Be Expected That in a Future Age the Physical and Even Moral Condition of a Man Will Be Revealed by Special Peculiar Radiations Emanating from Him, Which Will Be Collected, Analyzed and, If Necessary, Corrected by the Emission of Contrary Waves.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist
CHAPTER II.
(Concluded from Last Sunday.)

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"WOULDN'T it be wonderful if man knew how to control the weather," has often been said. "Then we would always have rain when we wanted it and never when we didn't want it."

It would be wonderful—also probably awful. The nations of the earth at present are busy strangling each other's trade by tariff barriers. Last year was one of droughts in most of the great nations of the Northern Hemisphere. If their governments had known how to erect rain barriers, who can doubt that they would all have started snatching rain from each other. And then what would have happened? War, a bigger one than the World War. The defeated nations would be forced to pay indemnity in the form of rain, eventually converting them into deserts.

But Nature has been taxing this world of its water ever since the beginning and, as with other taxes, the taxpayer wonders what becomes of it all. Some of the water seeps down deep in the earth and never is seen again, the rest, in the form of vapor, just disappears in the bottomless pit of interstellar space. This process in time will reduce the earth to the same dried-out condition as astronomers see on our neighbor Mars.

Anyone can realize the disadvantages and miseries of trying to exist on a planet that has become nothing but an endless desert of parched sand instead of the cool, green carpet of vegetation that now covers the landscape almost everywhere. Also what will man eat if he grows no vegetables for himself or fodder for his animals? Even if he learns to make food synthetically out of the sands themselves, another problem faces future man. The earth is not only losing water vapor into the sky, but the very air itself, which is destined to become thinner all the time.

At present, when a room becomes stuffy, one opens the windows and lets the carbon dioxide from breath and the gas range out and lets some of the always pure outside air take its place. Some day it is not impossible that this situation may be exactly reversed, with people coming in from the stuffy outdoors to get a breath of fresh air in the house. It may become so bad that to open a window would be to strangle, and nobody would go out without a gas-mask.

Today, besides the comparatively insignificant pollution arising from countless billions of human and animal lungs, there are stacks of factories, steamships, locomotives and automobiles belching enormous quantities of carbon dioxide and monoxide into the ocean of air at the bottom of which we live. This wholesale gassing of the planet is rapidly increasing.

In spite of such wholesale dumping the gas does not accumulate because the plant life all over the globe is greedily pulling it out of the atmosphere and storing it away. But when the world becomes one unending Sahara, these industrious carbon removers will have vanished, permitting the air to become stuffier and stuffier until it becomes unbreathable unless a way is found to remove the excess artificially. It is risky to prophesy what man can never do, but to take over the job of the whole vegetable kingdom would seem impossible, unless all heat and power plants were first shut down.

On Account of the Great Variations of Temperature at Different Hours of the Day, Caused by the Rarefaction of the Atmosphere in a Future Age, Revolving Houses Will Be Constructed, in the Style of the One Shown, Which Will Turn Their Reflecting Surfaces, Or Their Absorbing Surfaces to the Sun's Rays According to Need.

With the passing of vegetation would also end all insect and beast life, except the few domesticated by man; therefore, there would be only the human breath to contend with, which would not be so great a task. But how is man to get along unless he uses fuel for power? Water-power, of course, will long since have vanished, tides in the slimy pools of salt marking the depths of what once were oceans, will hardly exist and there will be little wind-power in the thin air of that day. Well, there are those who hope to release the power in the atom. If so science might hope to cleanse the air of carbonic acid gas and restore to it the proper amount of oxygen. Until that time humanity would have to live mostly in airtight houses where the atmosphere would be kept artificially pure as is done today in submarines and the gondolas of stratosphere balloons.

Nature, like man, has the careless habit of using whatever materials are handiest and giving little thought for the morrow. Life started in the waters, and for millions of years afterward, this was a very wet world, almost constantly deluged with warm rain. So in that dripping world, the inhabitants were made largely out of water, some as high as 80 per cent.

Man today is a water-spendthrift, who could learn to bathe with sand, like the sheiks of the desert, and in other ways cut down his consumption to a gallon or two per person each day, and this small amount he should be able to sponge up out of the depths of the earth, as long as it is not uninhabitable for other reasons. The few glassfuls a day necessary to keep a human being alive are hardly enough for one hill of potatoes, such water-gluttons are most of the useful plants. Man has always been directly or indirectly a parasite living on the vegetable kingdom. The time is approaching when he may become a water-carrying slave to the thirsty vegetable to keep it from vanishing from the face of the earth. But why imagine that such a dry time is coming even in the distant future?

The Advance in Knowledge of the Radio-Active Forces As Well As Increased Facilities in Air Traveling Will Permit the Establishment in the Higher Atmosphere of Sanitariums Where Suffering People Will Take Cures of Isolation and Radiation in an Air of Absolute Purity in the Midst of Infinite Silence.

Today we can observe the effects of the decrease of water without resorting to the imagination. At a period scarcely further back than historic times, that is to say, about 6,000 or 7,000 years ago, the Sahara, which is today only a desert, was a country rich in vegetation, where water circulated everywhere, maintaining a large and varied animal life and a prosperous human population. This suggests that other vast countries will have undergone the same fate when the 200 centuries, in which we place the Future Man, have passed.

Will the Future Man follow the example of his ancestors of the Sahara and abandon the lands which have become uninhabitable? In that time the countries, where life is normal according to present standards, will be very rare and will be insufficient for those needing a new home. There will come a time when men will want to go on living in the arid lands they have been accustomed to.

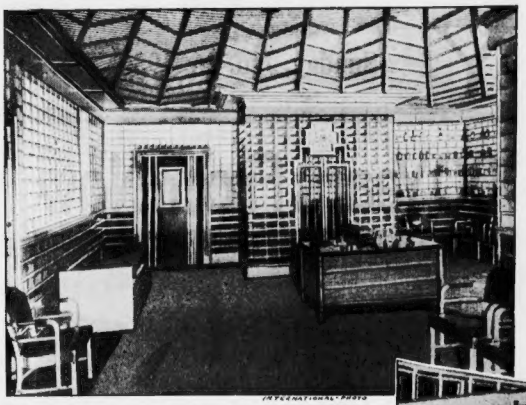
It is reasonable to expect that the progress of science will then come to the help of our descendants and that they will not be satisfied to linger miserably in their homeland by an almost superhuman adaptation of their bodies, as the few inhabitants of the great African desert, such as the Touaregs, do today. It is known that these people have only been able to keep up their existence by prodigies of temperance and endurance, which would be impossible to nations less trained.

For a time it is logical to suppose that man will make good the deficiency of soil and air moisture by vast systems of wells and pumps. The final result of this will inevitably be to chase the water level down into the earth so deep that it will only be reached at prohibitive cost. When that day arrives mankind will have to abandon surface vegetation, except under airtight glass, to its fate, unless science has found a method of manufacturing water synthetically on a scale equal to the amount lost into the sky and the depths of the earth.

The aridity of the soil will not be the only plague against which Future Man will have to fight. He will have to provide around himself the necessary temperature for the proper functioning of his body. The earth will grow colder little by little in consequence of the decrease of its central fire and the slowing of the sun's activity. In addition the rarefaction of the atmosphere, which will have been more or less deprived of water, and the reduction in volume of the seas will produce

(Continued on Page 20)

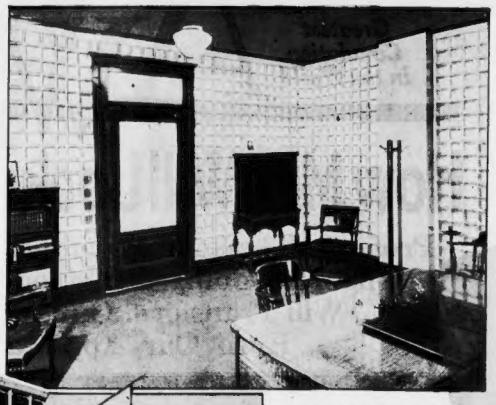
Office Buildings And Homes Built Of Glass Bricks



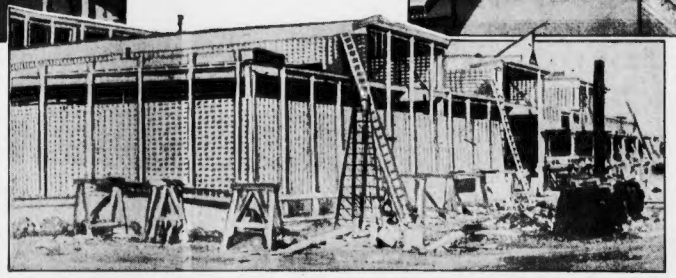
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Left—Reception Room in the Toledo Building Which Provides an Interesting Application of Glass Masonry.

Right—The Glass Brick Partitions of an Executive's Office in the New All-Glass Office Building.



Below—Exterior View of the World's First All-Glass Building, Now Nearly Completed.



THE SAGE who originated the old saw, "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," probably never dreamed that the day would come when people would live and work in buildings fashioned of transparent and translucent glass. But, for several years now, architects and builders have been experimenting with glass as building material for walls, floors and ceilings, and many "glass houses" have been erected here and abroad.

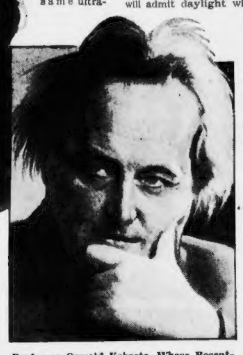
The photographs on this page show America's newest house of glass. It is being built in Toledo, Ohio, and probably will inspire many other structures fashioned of the same ultra-modern material. The outer walls are constructed of stout glass bricks, which will admit daylight while they keep in the heat in Summer and insulate the building against the cold in Winter. The translucent bricks also are fire-resistant.

More than one architect believes that, in the years to come, factories, office buildings and homes of glass will be common in this country and in Europe. They point out that glass bricks, besides being strong and durable, lend themselves to a great variety of artistic effects. In the Toledo building there are a dozen different colors of bricks which make the walls striking in their beauty.

Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the most eminent of American architects, has been a believer in glass buildings for several years and says that the day is not far distant when the country's large cities will have ultra-modern skyscrapers with walls fashioned entirely of glass. Such buildings will stand as long as, and perhaps longer than, structures of steel, concrete and stone. They will be more beautiful to look at and pleasanter to work in because of the great amount of sunshine and daylight that will come through their translucent walls.

Prison Term for Soprano Who Insulted the Concert Conductor

Alice Burger, the Viennese Soprano, Who Found It Embarrassing to Toss Insults at the Symphony Conductor. She Charged That the Smart Set Was Actually Paying the Radio Authorities to Permit Them to Show Off on the Air.



Professor Oswald Kabasta, Whose Resentment of the Insult May Send the Soprano to Jail.

FRAU ALICE BURGER has the people who live on the banks of the famed Blue Danube all agog over her attacks on "Ravag," the government-controlled Austrian Broadcasting Company, in general, and Musical Director Oswald Kabasta, in particular. She has the courts more or less agog, too, and will spend a couple of months behind the bars if she doesn't quit pestering Prof. Kabasta. As a matter of fact she already has been sentenced to sixty days in jail, but the sentence was temporarily suspended to give her a chance to change her tactics —which she does not seem inclined to do.

Frau Burger has been excited and angry about the way radio is run in her country for some time and, when she could keep silent no longer, she penned an extremely outspoken letter to Prof. Kabasta. In the course of her tirade she wrote: "Ravag is supported by the public and it's a disgrace that you should put the hair-raising screeches of amateurish society dames on your programs instead of employing real professional talent like mine . . . It is not at all improbable that I'll get you off your director's stand one of these days and make you discuss this situation with me in the presence of the public and the press. You will hear from me again."

It is plain from these words that Frau Burger has a personal stake, as well as the interest of her fellow radio listeners, at heart in her forthright movement to change things in the studios of "Ravag." But there are plenty of people in Vienna who have heard her on the concert platform and they agree with her that she has a well-trained soprano voice far easier on the ears than the voices of the "amateurish society dames" who broadcast for nothing and —if Frau Burger knows what she's talking about — keep Prof. Kabasta well supplied with dinner engagements and, now and again, gifts of cash.

At the trial, which turned out to be a sort of cat-and-dog fight, with the judge trying his best to restrain the soprano and the musical director, Frau Burger shouted that Prof. Kabasta had prevented her from broadcasting no less than seventeen times and had insulted the public by letting members of the fashionable set, with voices like squawling cats, appear in her place.

The professor countered with the statement that he didn't know whether Frau Burger is a real artist or not.

And so the bitter argument went until the judge, believing himself on the side of law and order, handed down the decision that Frau Burger was guilty of dangerous threats and sentenced her to two months in jail. Then he suspended sentence for the time being. Frau Burger demanded an appeal to a higher court—and Professor Kabasta stalked out of the courtroom, promising that he, himself, would go to jail before he would engage the defendant to sing over the air.

It is rumored that "Ravag" is planning to use more professional talent in the future.

Ate 4000 Eggs as the Doctor Ordered

IF the poultrymen of Austria ever take it into their heads to elect a beauty queen it's a safe bet that their choice will be Lil Sweet, the pretty stage and night club entertainer who, without conniving with the farmers, became the country's No. 1 egg salesman.

It all came about because Miss Sweet discovered, a year or so ago, that she was losing weight and not feeling up to par. The doctors diagnosed her trouble and told her that what she needed most of all was a lot of raw eggs in her diet. At first she was to eat only three a day, before breakfast, and gradually increase the number until, at the end of a year, she was consuming 20 a day.

The Austrian papers gave considerable publicity to the actress' diet and hundreds of women—to the profit of the poultrymen—emulated her. Finally the physician who had prescribed for Miss Sweet was moved to explain, through the public prints, that raw eggs are no sure-fire way to health and beauty and that what might be good for his pretty patient might be bad for other people.

Anyway, the publicity attending Lil Sweet's recovery sold thousands of dozens of eggs and probably made business for a lot of doctors who discovered that some of their feminine patients were carrying around an excess of albumen in their respective systems.

In the case of Miss Sweet, however, the medico who recommended eggs-in-the-raw saw his judgment happily justified, for the entertainer completely recovered. During the year she consumed about 4,000 eggs—an average of almost a dozen a day—and whatever it was that deprived her of normal weight and energy disappeared.

At the beginning of the diet the Austrian actress had no thought of broadcasting the fact that she was eating eggs for her health. But the story leaked out, probably with the help of some alert press agent, and long before the year was up she was known as the "Egg Girl."

For a time Miss Sweet couldn't be convinced that the title was in any way helpful to her career. It seemed to her that there was something rural and commercial about it. But eventually she changed her mind and made no attempt to soft pedal the fact that a good part of her daily diet was raw eggs.

Today Lil Sweet is back on a more balanced ration, but it is rumored that a lot of admiring maids and matrons are still trying to egg themselves along the road to health and beauty.

The actress has a lively sense of humor and recently told a dramatic critic that she hopes the day never will come when her efforts will be greeted with eggs thrown by her audiences.

Lil Sweet, Who Ate 4,000 Eggs for Her Health and Is Now Billed as the "Egg-Girl."

Little Nona Lee Schultz, Two Years Old, Showing Her Affection for Dogs. The "Puppy" Mastiff Was a Favorite at a Philadelphia Show.

Not Healthy, But Real Affection

LITTLE Nona Lee Schultz, the youthful dog-fancier, shown in the photograph above, gives no thought to sanitation when she attends a kennel club show. At the age of two she hasn't mastered the fine points of judging. In fact she's never quite sure whether a mastiff is a Great Dane, or vice versa. But she knows what she likes and, at the instant the picture above was snapped by an alert cameraman, her affection was concentrated on a blue-blooded mastiff who answers to the name of Formula.

Many grownups gazed interestedly and respectfully at this well-bred fellow but refrained from putting a friendly hand on his dark muzzle. They petted the Pekingese and the clownish looking poodles, but the size of Formula and his serious mien kept visitors at a distance, even when he wagged his big tail as proof of his amiability.

Little Nona, however, isn't the sort to be frightened by mere bulk or by sober canine faces. When she came to Formula's stall she said, "Ooh, nice doggy," and established friendly relations before her mother could remind her to be careful.

Formula, recognizing a true friend when he saw one, went as far as his strong chain would let him. He laid his blunt snout against the little girl's cheek and suffered himself to be enthusiastically kissed, smack on the mouth. He went further and, as the romanticist writers put it, he responded to this gesture of affection. With his great tongue he licked Nona's face. She laughed and announced in a loud voice that "it tickled."

She was a little puzzled when, right after this pleasant experience, she was rushed to the ladies' room to have her face washed and to get a long drink of water.

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Inspiring Instance of Modern Chivalry

Elmer Bates, a Poor New England Garage Mechanic, Goes to Prison for a Crime He Did Not Commit Rather Than Reveal the Name of a Sweetheart

Jealous Woman Plots to Compel the Young Man to Expose His Affair With a Rival, But Is Upset by Bates' Refusal to Betray the Other Woman

"For he had spoken lightly of a woman's name."
—The old laws of Chivalry as Practiced in the Interesting Painting by John A. Lomax. Copyrighted B. P. C.

ELMER BATES, a New England garage mechanic who should have worn shining armor instead of greasy overalls, took a sentence of eighteen years in prison for a crime he did not commit, rather than even hint that he had spent the night of the crime with a married woman.

No wonder an up-to-date New Hampshire judge and jury didn't believe him when he said he was innocent but declined to explain where he had been at the time of the robbery or why he could not tell.

"In days of old, when knights were bold," the troubadours used to sing ballads of gallant gentlemen who went to dungeons, or even death, rather than tarnish the fair name of a lady who had favored them. But the last vestiges of such exalted chivalry were supposed to have died when ladies became bold, wearing men's clothes, smoking and leaning against the bars.

It was dead enough, as far as the woman for whom the sacrifice was made is concerned. Complacently, she let her knight languish in the State Prison at Concord for four years, without lifting a finger to save him. Other people, especially the police who had obtained the evidence against him, were not satisfied with their own case and worked tirelessly until they finally dug out the truth and won a Christmas pardon from Governor H. Styles Bridges.

"She loved not wisely but too well," used to be quoted sympathetically of women who got into trouble in the old "clinging-vine" days. This now might be applied to the loving of Sir Elmer, last of the gallant knights, and born a few centuries too late.

He loved not too well but too many women.

This meant, of course, that one of them felt jealous and learning that a robbery had been committed at the very time that the gallant Elmer had been visiting her rival, she had the inspiration to pin the crime on his shoulders. He would then have to tell about that married woman he was with at the time.

The jealous person wanted to punish her, not Bates. But to the false informer's utter amazement, Sir Elmer "took the rap" and not a whisper was spoken against the other woman who remained enthroned in her happy home, supported by her unsuspecting husband.

Elmer's unexpected chivalry astounded the plotter but awakened no spark of admiration or mercy in her either. If he was that sort of a chump he could serve his whole sentence in prison, for all she cared. Fortunately there was one woman to redeem the reputation of the sex. Bates had a grey-haired mother, which did not mean that he was innocent. Most young crooks have one and keep her busy, wheedling victims into not prosecuting her worthless son.

But this old lady was on the level and pointed out to Police Investigator Thomas H. Andrews, of Concord, that her son was twenty-seven years old and this was the first time he had ever been charged with wrongdoing. That in itself was enough to make the case look suspicious. Thieves as a rule don't get convicted on their first theft but have a long history of getting away with a series of steadily more serious pilferings, all unpunished.

"Once a thief, always a thief," and Elmer Bates should have shown any such crooked tendency long before he was twenty-seven years old.

So Andrews and the other police went at the thankless task of proving that they were wrong in sending a man to prison. It was the mother's understanding of her own sex that made her point to the right clue and, as often as the investigators got lost, bring them back to it until finally it led them to the truth.

Until late in 1930 Elmer Bates led an outwardly tame existence as a mechanic, working in a cross-roads garage, near Acworth Village, New Hampshire. His boss was never sure whether the young man was an asset or a liability. It made him groan to see women waste hours of Elmer's time, telling him the stories of their lives, but on the other hand he suspected that many of them would not be customers there at all but for the chance of looking into Elmer's rather peculiar, dark eyes. Young Bates certainly had a way with the women, but nobody suspected that he was a local Don Juan because he was so discreet.

Elmer Bates, From Photograph Taken After His Pardon by the Governor the Other Day.

If anyone said they had seen him bowling through the dark country roads in some woman's car, instead of winking wickedly, he always had some unromantic explanation that she was driving him crazy about that squeak in her car.

Elmer was unmarried, had a job, and was considered as something of a catch by the local marriageable girls. Had he confined his attentions to these he would never have seen the inside of the big house at Concord. But, like many another attractive youth who felt he could not quite afford marriage, Elmer found the single girls dangerous. No sooner had he taken one to a few dances than she began to speak right out about engagement and matrimony.

The married women were a revelation. Here seemed to be something for nothing. They did not ask him to spend money on them, even for the movies—and, of course, there was none of that alarming talk about a wedding date. The way they pulled the wool over the eyes of their hard-working husbands made him wonder if he would be the same sort of boob if he ever had a wife. Married women seemed debarred from making trouble and therefore perfectly safe. He now knows better.

When one of his married sweethearts discovered the existence of another and made vague but furious threats, Elmer was amused. How could she make him sorry? To whom could she, a married woman, complain that he, a single man, had been untrue? She became so disagreeable that he simply kept away and forgot her, another great advantage in playing around with a married woman, he thought.

The year 1930 came drearily to an end, with the country at least realizing that it was in for a serious depression. Little did Elmer dream what was around the corner for him in the new year.

On December 27, 1930, the little store and filling-station owned by Frederick Gramo, in the hamlet of Acworth, was visited by two men, and Gramo was robbed of gasoline and a small amount of money at the point of a gun. And then again, maybe there wasn't a gun, really. Gramo, an old man, said that one of the men "pressed something" to his back and demanded that he hand over his wallet.

It was an insignificant job, with little stolen and nobody hurt. Bates and his mother did not happen to read of it, and would not have been interested if they had. The authorities, however, were deeply concerned, because of late there had been an epidemic of more serious robberies and hold-ups in the vicinity. The public had become critical and demanded that some of them be solved.

Yet here was another one and not a thing to work on. Gramo said that he had not recognized either of the faces of the robbers, but that one voice sounded familiar.

Only by the greatest luck could they hope to have Gramo hear that voice again. Then, after a few days, that great piece of luck seemed to happen. A woman came to Gramo to confide that she had an underground tip, from sources she could not reveal, that if he wanted to find one of the robbers he had only to look in a certain cross-roads garage.

The old man told the police, who hurried him around to the garage, where they found Elmer, as usual, listening to a woman customer. Gramo found Elmer's face and voice familiar and decided he must be the man. Elmer accounted for this by saying that he had been a customer at Gramo's store three times in the past. All the mechanic had to do was tell a straight story, accounting for himself the night of the crime. He did tell a straight story, except for one fatal gap at the very time when the hold-up occurred.

At the trial the case against the mechanic seemed rather shaky but the jury could not resist the prosecution's logic. If Elmer refused to account for himself at that time he must be hiding something. Since what he was hiding happened just when the crime happened what did they imagine it could be but that? Off went Elmer, with a sad smile to wear prison stripes and still refusing to tell.

"Find that woman and why she told Gramo that lie," said the prisoner's mother. That was a long job and when she was located, it was shown that she did not know Elmer. Her explanation was that she had overheard some strangers talking and got the tip from that. But patient watching revealed that she was a friend of a married woman who had been seen with Bates.

This was the jealous woman whom Elmer had thought he could safely forget. Slowly it became apparent that she had been spying on his affair with her married rival. When she realized that one of his visits to her rival happened to have been at the very time of that robbery, the jealous lady saw a chance to make things quite embarrassing. However, it would be just as well for her not to appear in the matter, so she got her friend, a stranger to all the others, to go around and "put a flea in the old man's ear."

Meanwhile other lines of investigation rounded up information about the real thieves. Among other evidence they had the following signed statement made before Sheriff Emery Monta:

"The night that Gramo's store was robbed, I was in Newport at ——'s house. I had been there only a few hours and —— said he would take me home. We started out, went down Main Street and picked up a fellow. I do not know who he was. We drove to South Acworth to Gramo's store. —— was out of gas and he went and rapped on the window and waked Gramo up.

"Gramo came out and pumped some gas. Then —— followed Gramo into the store and he called me in and made Gramo go into the back room and then he tied him up. Then he came back into the store and got a lot of packages and gave some of them to me. He told me to put them in the back of the car.

"Then he started and went on the New Hampshire side and left me at the arch bridge at North Walpole and then they drove along. —— told me not to say anything as I would get the blame as well as he. I did not want Bates to take the blame but I was so scared I did not dare say anything about it.

"EVELYN E. LUFKIN."

The name of the robber has not been given out, but the man Mrs. Lufkin says they picked up confirms her story with the following statement:

"On December 27, 1930, the night Gramo's store was robbed, Mrs. Lufkin was in Newport at ——'s house. —— was going to take Mrs. Lufkin home. I was on Main Street, and they drove up and stopped the car.

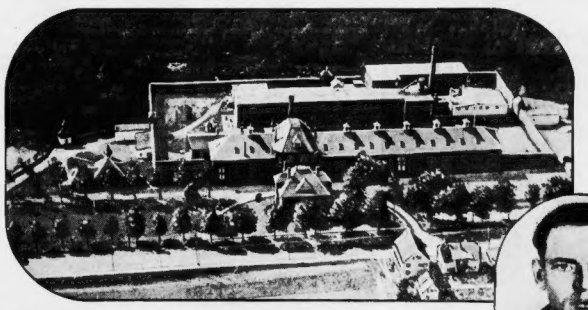
"We went to South Acworth and stopped at a house that I thought was Lufkin's. Mrs. Lufkin got out and then got back in. Then —— drove to Gramo's store. Gramo was in bed and —— went to the window and woke him up. The old man came out. Mrs. Lufkin and I stood outside the car while the old man pumped some gas.

"—— said 'I want some cigarettes,' and the old man went in the store. —— and Mrs. Lufkin followed him in. In about ten minutes, Mrs. Lufkin came out with her arms full of things and put them in the car and then she got in with me.

"About ten minutes after —— came out and I asked him if he had bought the store out. He said 'No' and drove back to Newport. We arrived between the hours of 2:30 and 3 in the morning. I did not know until the next day that Gramo's store had been held up.

"DAYTON ATKINS."

So Elmer Bates, the chivalrous knight in overalls, ate his "Christmas dinner at home with his mother.



The State Prison in Concord, New Hampshire, Where Bates Served Four Years for a Crime He Did Not Commit. Photo by Kimball Studio.

Bates With His Prison Number, 5291, Regarded by His Friends as a Badge of Honor.

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Through the Courts to Bliss In a Modern Garden of Allah

BUDAPEST.

ALOIS SCHOLTZ, the man with the restless soul, has found his bliss at last on Ada Kaleh, though it became necessary for him to throw off his faith and become a Moslem.

Ada Kaleh has become his Garden of Allah, and because of Scholtz's residence there, has acquired new prestige as the last little stronghold of ancient Turkey in Europe. It is there on Ada Kaleh, untouched by the civilizing currents of the New Europe—there down where the Danube breaks through the chain of the Carpathian mountains, beyond the straits known as the Iron Gate, that Scholtz has found himself after a bewildering series of adventures.

On this picturesque island his wife Baba is safe from the stares and the censure of Scholtz's countrywomen. On Ada Kaleh she has a place of honor, or as much honor as Moslems may lavish upon a mere woman.

Scholtz was, before the Great War, a sedentary timber merchant. He lived in Arad. And when the war broke out, he became an Austro-Hungarian artillery officer. He served in the Balkan campaign and when a shrapnel splinter pierced his skull, his life was despaired of. He recovered, however, but he was a nervous wreck. His friends tried in every way to revive his interest in life and to relieve his restlessness. Their families arranged a marriage between Scholtz and Yolan Szentendrey, who likewise was high-strung and slightly eccentric after her service as a war nurse. Her fiance had been killed and once she had attempted suicide. Their families believed new romance would cure both.

The plan did not work. Both were unhappy. Scholtz wanted a separation, but their relatives forestalled this. Two children were born to the couple, but this failed to reconcile their temperaments. Scholtz's old melancholy and restlessness persisted. Yolan brooded and wept continuously. Then one day, Alois Scholtz took an army pistol, went to the Arad cemetery and was about to commit suicide when Baba appeared.

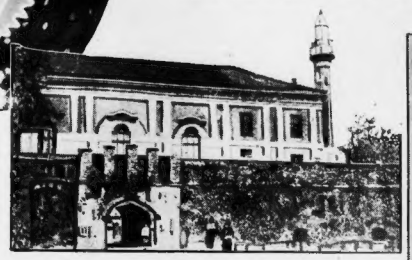
Mrs. Yolan Sholtz, Wife No. 1, Who Objected to a Divorce Until Her Husband Proposed the Harem Idea.

The Island of Ada Kaleh, in the Danube, an Ancient Turkish Community, Where Scholtz Solved His Heart Problem by Embracing the Mohammedan Faith.

Baba, the Second Wife, Who Fell in Love With the Adventurer as He Was About to Shoot Himself in the Cemetery.

She was a high school girl who had gone to the country for quiet, so that she could memorize a passage of Latin. She was fresh and girlish in her blue and white uniform, and the sight of her caused Alois to hesitate. They talked—and fell in love.

Followed then the scandal, numerous attempts by Scholtz to obtain a separation, and equally determined opposition by the stubborn Yolan. They fought desperately in the courts until a friend told Scholtz of the little island—the Turkish colony on Ada Kaleh. Though it was under Roumanian mandate, the natives still adhered to Turkish custom, costume, laws, and here still flourished the harem. Alois and Baba fled there. In order to be married they had to adopt the Moslem faith. Scholtz became Mehmed Nadzi, which means Beautiful Man. Baba, who was, in her native land, Baba Stolz, became Hatige Munover, which means Redeeming Love.



The Mosque of Ada Kaleh, Where the Couple Were Twice Married.

Alois Sholtz, Whose Romantic Experiences Have Provided His Own People and the Turks With a Lasting Subject for Conversation.

Believing they were safe now from the courts, Alois and Baba returned to their own city where, much to their surprise, they were arrested. Alois went to trial for bigamy and conspiracy to evade the law.

Scholtz went to prison for four months, and Baba for two. Fortunately, however, the King of Roumania soon thereafter proclaimed amnesty for prisoners. The lovers were released, and fled to their island their Garden of Allah.

Much to everybody's astonishment, they had no sooner landed than word came that Scholtz's wife, the mother of his children, who could stand the situation no longer, had applied for and been granted a divorce. Alois and Baba remarried and are happy.

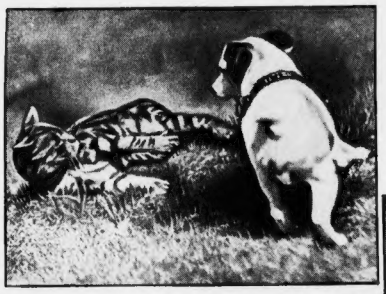
Won By a Knockout—In One Round

THE accompanying photographs of the dog-and-cat fight were taken by a Long Island farmer, who though he didn't want any publicity for himself, thought that "these shots might be a lesson to people who can't resist pestering other people."

There are, as this philosophic farmer points out, a great many people who have aggravating habits very similar to those of the frisky pup, who starts out in the first of the four snapshots, to annoy the kitten. The two combatants are friendly enough, but, like the annoying humans, the pup is always the aggressor.

Kitty, like those who seem destined to be bothered by frisky people (according to the farmer's little parable), just backs down and takes it until the attack becomes unendurable. Then, like the worm, the target of the annoyer turns.

Kitty has turned, indeed, after feeling the shock of the first onslaught and she realizes that she possesses ways and means of stopping all this, so she bares those claws, turns sharply and takes the offensive. That, says the owner of this little animal, is wherein the lesson lies. Kitty gets up, because she has taken enough, and she decides to give the tease a dose of his own medicine. Thereupon, it becomes a first rate fight, but fortunately for both participants, it is to be short-lived. In fact, it went only one round, and ended when the frisky pup learned that there was a point to the kitten's claws.



The Pup and the Cat Are Friends, but the Frisky Dog Can't Resist the Instinct to Pester His Pal, on a Long Island Farm, as He Launches the Attack.

It's a Bad Beginning for Kitty, Who Is Down but Not Out for the Count. She Suddenly Remembers the Advantage of Sharp Claws and Gets Them Into Action.

She's Up! It's a Great Fight, Folks! Kitty Sends in an Uppercut, and If You Will Kindly Turn Your Eyes to the Right and Look, You'll See That the Fight Goes to the Cat—After One Brief Round. The Pup Took the Full Count, and He's Cured—but Only for the Day. The Scrap May Be a Daily Event.

Cold Storage Lockers for Rent

INDIVIDUAL lockers in cold storage plants is the latest suggestion for keeping fresh fruits, vegetables and meats on hand the year round. The idea already is in use in many places—particularly in the South and West, but could be more widely adapted to the mutual benefit of both cold storage operators and householders, according to the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The lockers, of heavy wire screen so that cold air may circulate freely, are kept at a temperature of around zero or five degrees above. Such temperatures are referred to as "freezing storage." They preserve the quality of stored products and prevent rapid increase of spoilage organisms. Each locker opens to its own key and is accessible at all times to the renter. The rent usually amounts to only a few cents a day. The lockers may be of any size, but usually have a capacity of from 15 to 30 cubic feet.

Many cold storage houses, ice companies and ice cream factories do not use their cold storage machinery to capacity. These plants may add to their profits by building and renting lockers in a cold storage room.

The plan is of special benefit to farmers and others who produce their own fruit, vegetables and meat, or to those who want to lay in supplies when they are plentiful and cheap.

Some of the common vegetables which have proved adaptable to freezing storage are peas, string beans, lima beans, broccoli, cauliflower and sweet corn.

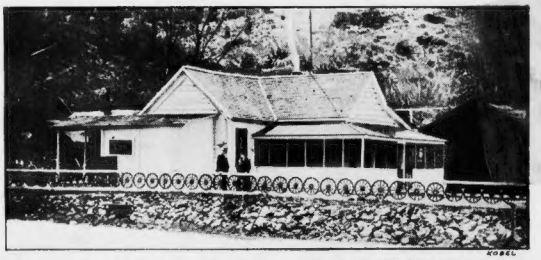
Why Cops Forsook Mustaches

THE barbers of Kansas City recently experienced a sudden boom in business. They found an abrupt increase in the number of customers who dropped in for a shave, and who said, offhandedly, "And while you're at it, please shave off my mustache."

It wasn't long before the barbers discovered that the men who had wanted to discard their lip decorations were all policemen. They had been ordered by their chief, Police Director Otto P. Higgins, to go "barefaced."

Director Higgins believes that mustaches are undignified, unsightly and unsanitary. That's what he said when he gave the order.

But now it turns out that the real reason is that mustaches have been promoting too many fights between policemen and citizens who make nasty remarks about mustaches. It took the case of Motorcycle Policeman James Lawrence to precipitate the chief's order. Lawrence had spent months fashioning a little trick mustache. It was so natty and dudish that Lawrence was unmercifully twitted, and as a result got into more fights than Popeye the Sailor. At the first jest about his mustache, Lawrence would climb off his bike and try to take his annoyer apart. Other cases were found where mustaches had caused trouble. In several instances the joshing has resulted in free-for-alls and the troubles that usually follows. So Higgins decided that it would be discreet to discard mustaches.



The Home of County Judge P. A. Retrum, in Canyon City, Oregon, With Its Picturesque Front Fence Made of Discarded Automobile Wheels, Minus the Tires.

Judge Makes Fence of Auto Wheels

COUNTY JUDGE P. A. RETRUM, has recently fenced in his home, at Canyon City Oregon. His new fence stretches 90 feet across the frontage of his property, which faces on the highway. The fence is unique, because it is made of 45 automobile wheels. But it is even more impressive from a subtler angle, because nearly all of those wheels have come from automobiles which have been wrecked by their own drivers.

Curiously enough, all the wheels used in the front section of the fence are from the same make of cars. These were selected from the discarded wrecks for the sake of symmetry. They have been denuded of tires, and the effect of the even row of web-like "palings" is pleasant to the eye. The long line of wheels, placed rim to rim, is topped by a railing.

The idea for the odd fence occurred to Judge Retrum when he set about cleaning up the town. In many places about Canyon City he had noted that old and useless cars were allowed to lie around and constitute a veritable and untidy graveyard of old autos. The judge began to collect the wheels, and had originally intended working them into a sort of monument, but he gave up this notion when he found that his fence needed repairs. He thought it would be novel and practical to start in using the old wheels.

Whenever Judge Retrum presides at the trial of a speeder, or other traffic offender, he invariably tells the motorists of his new fence.

Most of the wheels in it, he says, are from wrecks in which half a dozen people were killed and about 20 maimed.

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Great Scientific Discoveries Made Accidentally

Pasteur Stumbled on the Greatest Medical Triumph of All Time and Radium, Vitamins, Fever Treatment for Paresis and Many Other Mysteries of Nature Solved by Chance

This Forlorn Looking White Leghorn Rooster Was Purposely Starved of Vitamin B—and by a Curious Accident Revealed to Medical Science an Entirely New World of Research.

ALTHOUGH thousands of scientists are carrying on research work in laboratories all over the civilized world, the curious fact stands out that many of the greatest discoveries of science have been pure accidents. These discoveries were not what the scientists were looking for, were not foreshadowed by any previous experiments and, when stumbled on, were a complete surprise to the investigators.

Mr. Bernard Jaffe in a recent volume, "Outposts of Science," published by Simon and Schuster, mentions here and there in his general survey of the broad field of science many surprising instances where discoveries of tremendous value to mankind have been made by pure accident.

Probably the most tremendous discovery in the whole history of medicine was made by Louis Pasteur. Here is a name which deserves a monument in every medical school the world over, and perhaps in every public park, and yet most people have the vaguest conception of his master achievement, regarding him as the man who learned to "Pasteurize" milk.

Pasteur was a Frenchman, the son of a tanner. He was engaged in commercial research and had been set to the task of trying to find out what caused fermentation in beet sugar. Another commercial firm also engaged Pasteur to look into the troubles the French silk industry was having with diseased silk worms. Up to that time nobody had heard of microbes or suspected that these minute living creatures existed or had anything to do with the diseases of mankind.

But studying his sug and his silk worms under his microscope, Pasteur began to see little things moving about in the tissues and blood of the silk worms and in the fermented beet sugar—little things that evidently were alive but were invisible to the naked eye. No scientists had ever noticed these little things before.

Curious to learn more about these tiny creatures, Pasteur began to examine all sorts of things under the microscope. In buttermilk, he found a certain form of germ that was not in fresh milk. Filtering some of these germs from a sample of buttermilk, he put them into a pail of fresh milk, which turned sour sooner than it would have ordinarily done.

This convinced him that fermentation is caused by a particular kind of germ, and it also made him wonder if diseases were not caused by other types. But where did these microbes come from? How did they get into milk, wine, beer, mash, or a mixture of sugar and water? How did they get into the bodies of the silk worms, and into the bodies of other animals? It did not seem reasonable that they simply grew up where they were found, from the beginning, like "Topsy."

It occurred to Pasteur that perhaps they got from one place to another through the air, and to see if this was so he went to a high altitude in the Alps, to carry out experiments. When he found that liquids ferment slowly, if at all, in a pure mountain atmosphere, he knew that germs must travel through the air.

This was an interesting thing to know, but how could it be of any value in the prevention and cure of disease? That question was answered for him by another accidental discovery. He had already isolated, or extracted from the blood of sick chickens the germ that causes cholera. By injecting a culture of these germs into healthy chickens, he had infected them with the disease, from which they soon died.

One day, thinking he was using a fresh culture of cholera germs, he picked up by mistake a test tube in which some of the germs had been standing so long they had become weakened by age. He inoculated a healthy chicken with this culture, but instead of dying, it merely developed a mild case of cholera, and soon recovered. Waiting a few weeks, he injected a fresh culture of cholera germs into this same chicken, but they had no effect on it whatever. From this Pasteur realized that being subjected to a mild attack of the disease, the chicken had in some way been given the power to resist later attacks from fresh cholera germs. He called this power "immunity," from the Latin word "im-munis," meaning not a slave.

Continuing his experiments, this great scientist found that when certain germs get into the blood stream, nature's way of fighting them is to produce a counteracting or neutralizing poison, to which he gave the name "antibodies." When these antibodies are separated from the blood of a sick animal, and injected into a healthy animal, the healthy one is then unable to take that particular disease, or, in other words, is immune to it. This discovery is one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to the science of medicine, and is the basis of present-day methods of fighting various diseases with antitoxins and vaccines.

Pierre Curie and his wife, Mme. Marie Curie, are generally given entire credit for the discovery of radium, that mysterious and powerful element which is now of such importance in the practice of medicine. It is a fact that they were the ones who finally found it, after many long and painstaking experiments. The value of their contribution to science is beyond estimate, and their names should always be honored for the discovery of radium. They knew what they were looking for, however and they would not have been searching for it except for the accidental discovery of another man, whose name should also be remembered in connection with radium.

Not so many years ago, Henri Antoine Becquerel, also a Frenchman, was trying to learn how the newly invented X-ray affected various substances. One day he had a piece of uranium ore in his hand, and when he put it down, he just happened to place it on an unexposed photographic plate, which was protected, as usual, by a dark case. Some days later, when he developed the plate, he found it was curiously blurred in the exact spot where the ore had been resting. Trying to find out what had happened, he took another unexposed plate, put an aluminum medal on it, and placed the uranium on top of that. When this plate was developed, it had a faint picture of the medal on it. Evidently the uranium ore gave off invisible light rays of some kind, and it was in an effort to learn what there was in uranium that gave off invisible rays, that the Curies eventually found out how to get radium from that kind of ore.

Another scientist who was looking for one thing and found another was John Jacob Abel. Surgeons at Johns Hopkins wanted a good hypodermic purgative that could be used after serious abdominal operations, so Abel began to study various dyes, some of which were known to have a purgative action. One of the substances he tried was a non-poisonous red dye that has the almost unpronounceable name of "phenolsulphonephthalein." He found that when this dye was injected with a hypodermic needle under the skin it was soon afterwards expelled from the body entirely through the kidneys. This reaction was not what he was looking for at all, but it proved to be of considerable value to physicians. In order to treat a patient suffering from kidney disorders, doctors must know whether both kidneys are affected and how rapidly they function. These facts can now be quickly learned through a kidney function test which was worked out as a result of Dr. Abel's accidental discovery.

Dr. Pasteur in His Laboratory, as Shown in the New Cosmopolitan Production Motion Picture, "The Story of Louis Pasteur," to Be Released by Warner Bros. Paul Muni Takes the Part of the Famous Scientist in This Film, Which Very Closely Follows the Astonishing Facts of Pasteur's Career.

The Great Scientist, Dr. Louis Pasteur, in His Laboratory. From Painting by Fournier.

Accidentally It Was Discovered That a Patient Suffering With Paresis Could Be Cured If a Malaria Mosquito Infected Him With Malaria. Infected Mosquitoes Were Then Allowed to Feed On a Patient and Accomplish a Cure.

Mr. Charles Dawson, an English Lawyer, Stumbled on the Bones of the Piltdown or "Dawn Man" of England.

Nowadays, most people know that vitamins, those mysterious substances that are in certain foods, are essential to growth and vigor at all ages, and that one of the best ways to keep healthy is by eating a diet that is rich in them. But it is not generally known that the first clue that led to their discovery was found by a man who was not looking for them and had no idea that any such thing existed.

In 1897, the population of the Dutch East Indies was being ravaged by scurvy (a painful and often fatal disease caused by lack of vegetables in the diet), and Dr. Christian Eijkman was sent down there to fight the disease. The medical profession thought that scurvy was caused by a germ, although it had never been "isolated," or found, and scientists might be still looking for this germ that apparently does not exist, if Dr. Eijkman had not followed through a chance observation. He saw that a number of hens that were kept in a henhouse had developed scurvy, while others that were allowed to run loose and scratch for their food in the garden were perfectly healthy.

Mme. Curie, the Famous Radium Research Expert—But It Was an Accident of Another Investigator Which Opened Up the Field in Which She Has Become Famous.

The hens that were kept cooped up, he learned, were fed on rice that was left over at a nearby prison. At that particular prison, the inmates were fed polished rice, from which the yellow husks had been removed, and nearly all of them had scurvy. Looking further, the doctor discovered that at another prison where the inmates were given whole rice, scarcely any of them had scurvy.

Convinced that there must be some connection between scurvy and diet, Dr. Eijkman fed a group of healthy chickens nothing but white rice. In a short while they all died of scurvy. He fed another group on whole rice, and none of them developed the disease. Then he fed rice husks to a group that were already ill of scurvy and they all got well. He had found a way to stop the scurvy epidemic, but he had no idea what it was in the yellow rice husks that prevented and cured the malady. That discovery was made later by Casimir Funk, a young investigator from Warsaw, who was working in London, and heard of what the Dutch doctor had done.

Funk experimented with rice husks until he got a small amount of white powder from a large quantity of husks. He fed bits of this powder to pigeons that had scurvy and they soon recovered. Since the substance that had cured the pigeons was evidently essential to life, he called it a vitamin. Other scientists, following the same line of investigation, have found that instead of one vitamin, there are several, and that to be healthy a person must eat foods that contain all of them.

Scientific discovery, as Mr. Jaffe says in his book, has been compared to the fitting together of pieces of a huge jig-saw puzzle, and time after time the piece that is missing and is needed, is found entirely by chance. A few years ago, Maude Slye, who had specialized in psychology and was not particularly interested in any other study, bought a pair of Japanese dancing mice. She was trying to learn more about the inheritance of psychological tendencies and wanted to find out if the peculiar waltzing motion of these queer animals was due to hereditary nervous disorder.

But it so happened that one of the mice she bred from this pair had an odd growth that turned out to be a cancer. Up until that time she had not given much thought to cancer, but when the mouse with cancer produced offspring that also had cancer she became deeply interested. She put aside her psychological research and concentrated on this disease, of which little is known, but which is one of the worst of the human race. From her original pair of mice, she bred many thousands, and in order to feed them she often had to go hungry herself. Keeping records and "family trees" for every one of these mice, she eventually convinced other scientists that the tendency to have cancer can be inherited. No one has yet found a positive cure for cancer, but when it is found, if that time ever comes, the person who discovers the cure is almost certain to be indebted to Miss Slye for her patient and careful experiments.

A number of interesting things were discovered by doctors during the World War, but perhaps the strangest was the effect that maggots have on infected wounds. Numbers of soldiers who had been lying for days in "No Man's Land" were brought into hospitals with maggots feeding on gangrenous tissues. Instead of dying from gangrene, these men recovered rather quickly. But other soldiers, in whose wounds there were no maggots, often died from infection.

Why was this? investigation showed that the maggots ate up the diseased tissue and the germs, thus stopping the infection from spreading. In addition, they secreted a healing chemical called "allantoin." After the war, the use of maggots became general in the treatment of gangrene, tuberculosis of the hip, certain other bone diseases, and various types of infection.

The treatment of one disease by deliberately causing the patient to contract another is one of the newest and oddest developments in modern medicine. This method is called the "fever" treatment, and was first devised by Julius Wagner-Jauregg, a Viennese physician. Under his care were a number of patients suffering from paresis, a fatal mental disease caused by a spiral shaped germ that usually lodges in the brain many years before finally becoming active, bringing insanity and death. Several of these patients contracted malaria, and when the fever left them, the doctor was surprised to see that their mental condition was better. Could it be that the high fever had killed the spiral shaped germ?

He decided to find out by performing a dangerous experiment on two men suffering from paresis, inmates of an asylum. After all, there was not a great deal to lose if they died. The men were crazy, and in the normal course of their disease, would soon be dead anyway. So he took a quantity of blood from a malaria patient and injected it into their veins. Their fever rose and almost burned out their lives. But when they recovered from malaria, their memories returned, they became less irritable, and their symptoms of paresis did not reappear. It has since been found that in most cases where paresis has not progressed too far, this type of insanity can be cured by the fever treatment.

As the result of another accidental discovery, a new and better method of giving treatment was recently worked out. Research workers in an electrical laboratory were trying to find a way to kill insects, such as the boll weevil, with short radio waves. While they were working with a short-wave radio transmitter, they found that if they stood close to it, their own temperature was increased. From this discovery there has been developed a radio fever machine for treating paresis.

But these unexpected disclosures that have been so important to the advancement of science have not been confined to medicine. Many discoveries of great importance have been stumbled on in all fields of science.

Hugo de Vries, a Dutch biologist, was strolling through a field one day when he saw an entirely new type of primrose growing wild. If it was really a new species, as it seemed to be, then it would reproduce others of its own kind or, as biologists say, breed true. He took fifty thousand of its seed and planted them. When they grew up they had all of the distinguishing characteristics of the parent plant. But de Vries was not satisfied. Year after year he continued to grow primroses, and every now and then he found that from the old plants there would suddenly appear an entirely new type, and thus a new line different from any previous species would be started. Thus, as a result of his accidental discovery, de Vries was able to demonstrate that evolution is not a long drawn out process, as Darwin thought it was, but sometimes it leaps forward in a single generation and produces a new species.

The important discoveries that have given man an understanding of his remote ancestors have virtually all been accidental. Strange indeed is the way in which the fossils of the "dawn-man" of Piltdown were discovered. Charles Dawson, a lawyer, had gone to Piltdown to attend a case in court. Out walking one day he saw workmen repairing a road with an odd sort of brown flint. He was so curious about where this flint came from that he went back later and saw the workmen throwing rocks at what they took to be a petrified cocoanut. But when Dawson examined the "cocoanut" he found it was an ancient skull, and thus another missing piece was added to the jig-saw puzzle of man's evolution.

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Brain Tumors Found Cause of Infant "Giants"

EVERY few weeks there turns up somewhere in the world a baby boy of two or three years who astonishes his relatives and neighors by suddenly beginning to grow thick, coarse hair, to increase enormously in strength so that he can lift his parents and carry them about, and even to acquire such strictly adult habits as smoking cigars or drinking whisky. Only a few days ago one of these remarkable youngsters who lives in New Jersey celebrated his fourth birthday on two strong cigars and a half-pint of beer; a great reduction from the much larger numbers of cigars, stogies and pipefuls of tobacco which he has been smoking since the age of 14 months.

Like others of the kind, this New Jersey boy also has been noted ever since the age of two for his precocious physical strength, almost equalling that of an adult. In another case in England which recently was studied and has yielded important facts about what causes this remarkable disorder, the two-year-old youngster demanded to drive the tractor on his father's farm and actually tried to do so. One night when everybody was in bed he went out alone, pushed his father's motorcycle and side car onto the road and presumably was going off alone for a journey, when he was found by adult members of the family.

This English boy likewise was characterized by sudden growth of thick hair like that of an adult, by increase of weight as well as of strength, by excessive activity so that he never could sit still for an instant and by destructive and mischievous habits.

Fortunately for medical science and for its ability to aid future child victims of the same disease, the recent English case came early under scientific observation. Three years ago, when the boy was less than two years old, he was examined by eminent medical men and gland experts at a meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine. Later on, two surgical operations on his glands were performed in hope of bringing him back to normal. Both were unsuccessful. Finally, a few months ago, the boy, who then seemed to be a small, distorted edition of an adult man, caught rheumatic fever and died. Dr. H. S. Le Marquand of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, who had been studying the case from the beginning, was allowed to perform an autopsy.

One of the remarkable things discovered was that the bones of this boy's legs and arms already had ceased to grow and had hardened into lime. Ordinarily, these bones in the bodies of babies and children remain unhardened until sometime between 15 and 20, so that the normal growth of the body may be completed. Strong bone is formed at the ends of the bones, where the joints require this, but the central shanks of the bones remain soft and

The Two-Year-Old Youngster Demanded That He Be Allowed to Drive a Huge Farm Tractor, and He Actually Tried to Do So. At Another Time He Attempted to Pilot a Motorcycle.

unable to lengthen. Had the English strong boy lived, he would have been always a stunted dwarf.

The precocity of strength and of habits, such as the New Jersey boy's liking for tobacco and alcohol, are not symptoms of true precocity of mind but of precocious maturity.

The probability is that this hardening of the bones is not in any way a cause of this condition but is merely an effect, once believed to have been caused by some gland disease responsible for the whole series of strong-boy changes.

Some experts who have studied these strong boys believe that their troubles are to be blamed on tumors or other abnormal conditions of the adrenal glands, the small glands just above the kidneys which are known to have much to do with human energy and with such emotions as fear and courage. In his post-mortem examination of the English boy Dr. Le Marquand found, however, that both of the child's adrenal glands seemed perfectly normal.

Another theory is that the abnormal maturity of these youngsters is caused by something wrong with the mysterious pineal gland, hidden inside the brain. Ages ago in evolution some of man's reptilian ancestors possessed a third eye, fixed on top of the head so that it could see the sky and perhaps watch for predatory flying reptiles like the vanished pterodactyl, while the other two eyes kept a similarly close watch for enemies approaching along the ground.

Many evolutionists believe that the pineal body inside the brain is the shrunken remnant of this third eye of mankind's ancestors. However this may be, no one knows for certain what are the present duties of the pineal gland in the brain, if it has any duties. It may be a mere idler, like the appendix and perhaps the tonsils. Anyway, the pineal gland also was found to be perfectly normal when Dr. Le Marquand performed his autopsy on the English strong boy, so that theory also must be abandoned.

What he did find was a little tumor about the size of a small marble, growing from the stem of the brain below the thinking portion of that organ. This part of the brain never has been known to have anything to do with growth or maturity, which have been deemed the special provinces of the glands. Instead, the part of the boy's brain where Dr. Le Marquand found the tumor has been supposed to control some of the reflex and involuntary movements of the body, such as the ability to stand erect and to walk without thinking about every step.

However, it is evident that in some way the small tumor of this part of the brain caused invisible changes in the glands or controlled the secretions of these organs in such a way as to cause the strange strong-boy condition. Four years ago in France a similar instance was discovered, in which a child precociously mature was found to have a small brain tumor in almost exactly this same spot.

The Final Chapters Of These Interesting Stories

READERS of The American Weekly often write to find out what happened in many instances where an interesting article was published before the final disposition of the case had been reached. So today are presented the closing chapters of several recent stories which readers will recall.

Arthur Mortimer, the young English soldier who spent two days running down girls on bicycles along the country roads, was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. Mortimer was a lance corporal who stole automobiles and was possessed of an irresistible urge to kill young women on their bicycles because "too many females are on wheels in this world."

Another man charged with a killing was more fortunate when a judge at Sydney, Australia, ruled that Patrick Brady could not be tried in the strange "shark murder case." This startling crime was discovered when Australian fishermen ripped open the stomach of a huge shark and found the monster had swallowed a second shark. Inside the stomach of this smaller fish was found a human arm, identified through a tattoo mark as having belonged to James Smith, a well-known Australian sportsman. The arm had been cleanly severed by a knife and not torn away by the vicious jaws of the shark. Brady was arrested and charged with murder, but the judge held that the tattooed arm could not be classed as corpus delicti, which the law requires in every murder case.

A Small Shark Had Swallowed the Arm, Only to Be Gobbled Up by a Larger Shark, Which, in Turn, Was Killed by Fishermen, Who Discovered the Strange Evidence of Murder.

Lance Corporal Mortimer's odd obsession was an unusual story, but perhaps the strangest story that came out of London last year developed from a matrimonial squabble. The American Weekly learns that the Baroness Christabel Russell, daughter-in-law of Lord Ampthill, former Viceroy of India, persuaded a London judge that she should be granted a divorce from her handsome and noble husband, Baron Ampthill.

This should qualify the titled lady for some sort of "champion persuader" honors as previously she had persuaded the august members of the House of Lords that her blond, curly-haired baby boy, whose legitimacy had been questioned by her husband, was the result of that husband's distressing habit of walking in his sleep. Baron Ampthill claimed the child could not be his because he had rigidly stuck to an agreement that their marriage was to be entirely platonic. But doctors testified a man could become a father while asleep, and the Baroness excused herself for having permitted the violation of the platonic agreement by mentioning that she, too, had been asleep at the time. After the House of Lords declared Baron Ampthill father of the child, his wife sought a divorce, charging he had been indiscreet with one Doris Jones in a London hotel. Ampthill did not claim he had been sleepwalking that time, so the divorce was granted.

Another love tangle, involving the man who invented the red tuxedo, the versatile and rich, young Mr. M. S. Huntington Watts, had a happy ending when a $250,000 alienation of affections suit, filed against him in New York, by his former friend, John Connelly, was withdrawn. Connelly had charged Watts stole the love of his pretty and socially prominent young wife, Margaret. Watts claimed that Connelly had played him a dirty trick by forcing the affections upon him "with deliberate intent," and then turning around and suing him. Then Connelly withdrew his suit, and, a few days later, Watts and the former Mrs. Connelly were married.

A happy climax of another sort has ended the matrimonial mixup of pretty Gladys George, the actress. A few months ago she was divorced by her husband, Edward H. Fowler, millionaire Massachusetts paper manufacturer. Fowler said he expected to share his wife with her public but didn't expect to find that "public," represented by Mr. Leonard Penn, an actor, in her New York apartment at three o'clock in the morning. Miss George filed a cross complaint declaring her husband had been friendly with four different women, all of whom testified—and as to Mr. Penn why he had been in her apartment at that early morning hour in the role of a Good Samaritan, caring for her pet cat which was sick. The four women who claimed they had helped Mr. Fowler be unfaithful then repented and admitted they had been paid ten dollars each to testify, and had never seen Gladys George's husband. Miss George lost her suit, but she still claimed that her cat was the cause of it all. But the cat needn't worry about occasional sick spells any more, because a few weeks ago the actress eloped and married Mr. Penn.

In the criminal world, Norma Millen, the small-town preacher's daughter who married a killer and spent a year in the penitentiary, during which her husband was electrocuted, is starting life all over again in New York, where she is studying beauty culture as a future career.

A "self-defense" plea saved J. Bryson Corbett, young Albuquerque, New Mexico, insurance salesman, who killed Edwin DeGroot Thompson, millionaire Cleveland playboy, and dude ranch operator. It took just two hours from the time the trial started, until Corbett was freed. Corbett and his young wife had been paying guests at the rich Cleveland man's New Mexican ranch, but the insurance salesman grew jealous of Thompson, who had a reputation as a "ladies' man." He filed a divorce suit against his wife charging only incompatibility, but the husky Thompson, togged out in full cowboy regalia, set out to meet the little, one-lunged husband with the announced intention of beating him up. The transplanted Easterner apparently had never heard of that axiom of the old West "God made big men and little men, but Mr. Colt evened things up." Corbett shot and killed him.

Readers of The American Weekly will recall Mrs. Elizabeth T. Ross, pretty Yonkers, N. Y. school teacher, as the only woman who ever thought of seventy-three reasons why she should have a divorce. Her husband, a certified public accountant, didn't do such a bad job of balancing the matrimonial books himself when he managed to think up forty-one reasons why the divorce was coming to him rather than to his wife.

"She called me a sap; said I was crazy; told me I was a wet blanket and a bald-headed nincompoop and she threatened to go nudist," he said among other things in his complaint.

"He took my trunk, my perfume and my coin collection. He told me it was none of my business when I asked where he had been when he came home late one night. He refused to eat food I cooked. He sent me flowers—but sent them C. O. D.," she said. And she listed a lot of other marital shortcomings of which she said he was guilty.

But the New York courts proved too slow for Mrs. Ross who wanted action so she took a train for Reno and got her divorce there. She didn't have to remember any of her fine list of reasons either. She simply claimed incompatibility and let it go at that.

The English House of Lords, which decided Baron Ampthill became a father in his sleep had another job recently when they tried young Lord de Clifford, the young nobleman who married one of the daughters of the notorious Kate Meyrick, the late London night club queen, on charges of manslaughter. Lord de Clifford faced trial because of an automobile accident in which a pedestrian was killed. An old English law holds that a nobleman, charged with a felony, can demand trial before his Peers. The House of Lords debated the question, with pomp and ceremony, it was revealed later. They found that, while the pedestrian was, indisputably, dead, Lord de Clifford wasn't guilty of manslaughter. English taxpayers who footed the bill would have probably been just as happy if some common run-of-the-mine judge had decided the same thing for about $49,990 less. It is reported, in fact, that, what with English Lords acting in the unlordly manner they have been recently, and breaking all sorts of the laws that were really meant for the common herd, the taxpayers are seeking to do away with the obsolete and expensive custom of trial by Peers.

Unfortunately, as up to this writing The American Weekly cannot solve, for its readers, the one great mystery of 1935—is Mae West married? Frank Wallace, it will be recalled, an obscure song-and-dance man, insisted he married Mae in Milwaukee twenty-four years ago, and in reply, said: "Don't give me that song and dance. I never met the guy." Frank said he had documentary evidence and was going to bring suit to prove he was Mister Mae West. But so far the suit hasn't been heard, so it can't be officially determined yet whether the lady of the curves is married or not.

Night of Terror As Bees Swarm in Convent

THE NUNS of the cloistered convent on State Street, in Portland, Maine, who forsook the world when the property was acquired by the church, naturally figured that for the rest of their lives they would lead a placid existence without any untoward incidents to upset the frugal routine. The daily office of the Sisters, Adorers of the Precious Blood, is simple, but laborious, and until the other day nothing had happened in years which might be construed as a deviation from the customary round of prayers, chores, services, meditation, etc. But then something happened which might have become exceedingly serious but for the Mother Superior's quick presence of mind. One of the nuns was gazing at the ceiling of her cell when she observed that there was a leak from the roof. But it was not rain as investigation revealed. The liquid was a syrupy, sticky substance—honey. The nun called her Superior.

While awaiting her, the amazed sister saw thousands of bees entering her cell through cracks and crannies. The sister raced from her room and into an adjoining one. That, too, was filling with bees. In half an hour, while nuns suppressed screams of terror, every cell on the floor was blackened by swarms of buzzing insects.

Cries brought the Mother Superior, who, after a moment of fright recalled that bees are not likely to sting if undisturbed, ordered the nuns to lie flat on the floor, as still as possible. It was still many hours to dawn, but the nuns followed orders. The Bishop's house sent aid in the morning and an expert beekeeper was called. He came and went to the cupola of the convent. He promptly located the hive which probably had been concealed there for a decade. He forced an opening through the ceiling and the bees slowly returned to their abode. Not one of the nuns was injured.

In her interview with the Bishop the Mother Superior told how the expert had "actually spoken to the insects who seemed to understand him, and made their way in regimented order out of the convent.

Later the combs were removed—but not until the nuns had been presented with the store of honey, 500 pounds.

Better Smells for London, New Society's Aim

THE world's cities, and especially London, will be sweeter smelling places than now if a new British Society, the Smell Society, has its way. It has been organized by a smell-sensitive Londoner, Mr. Ambrose E. Appelbe, not only for the purpose of ridding London of bad smells, but to replace these with good smells—provided the Society or the public can agree on what these good smells are to be.

The Society's intention, Mr. Applebe explains, is "of restoring the sense of smell to the high position it holds among all higher animals other than man. Its work will be to replace the unpleasant and noxious smells that civilization has brought into our midst by the delicate and pleasant smells that have been lost to us. In short, its aim is not merely the absence of bad smells."

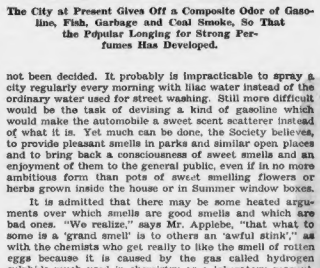
One suggestion already made is that the Society should offer a prize for the sweetest smelling rose. Years ago almost all roses had pleasant smells, although many of them were much smaller and less spectacular than the present blooms of the flower shops. But as rose growers gradually bred new varieties which have larger and larger flowers, longer stems and more brilliant colors, the smell seems to have dropped out of many of them.

Many other flowers are in a similar situation. With cultivation and growing in large numbers by commercial florists, the scents which these flowers once possessed have changed or vanished. The suggestion is that a prize or set of prizes offered by the Society might reverse this breeding process and have the effect of inducing flower growers to go back to smell as an asset.

Perhaps this might even result in breeding flowers with entirely new and pleasing odors, just as chemists have concocted perfumes some of which evidently please some people and which never would have been smelled by anybody if Nature had not been improved on.

Incidentally, the growing craze for artificial perfumes impresses Mr. Appelbe and his Smell Society associates as being a pathetic sign of the smell hunger of people in cities. In the country, or at least in the old fashioned country before the invention of automobile highways, scores of pleasant smells were smelled all the time, from the smell of wood fires in Winter to the flowers of Spring and the smell of fresh mown grass in the Fall. Modern city dwellers smell none of these. Instead they have the smells of burned gasoline, spoiled garbage, spoiling fish, coal smoke from furnaces and dozens of others equally unpleasant. The result is the pathetic longing for strong perfumes.

This is the side of the Society's work which has to do with providing good smells. Just how this is to be done has



The City at Present Gives Off a Composite Odor of Gasoline, Fish, Garbage and Coal Smoke, So That the Popular Longing for Strong Perfumes Has Developed.

not been decided. It probably is impracticable to spray a city regularly every morning with lilac water instead of the ordinary water used for street washing. Still more difficult would be the task of devising a kind of gasoline which would make the automobile a sweet scent scatterer instead of what it is. Yet much can be done, the Society believes, to provide pleasant smells in parks and similar open places and to bring back a consciousness of sweet smells and an enjoyment of them to the general public, even if in no more ambitious form than pots of sweet smelling flowers or herbs grown inside the house or in Summer window boxes.

It is admitted that there may be some heated arguments over which smells are good smells and which are bad ones. "We realize," says Mr. Applebe, "that what to some is a 'grand smell' is to others an 'awful stink'," as with the chemists who get really to like the smell of rotten eggs because it is caused by the gas called hydrogen sulphide much used in chemistry as a laboratory reagent.

Mr. Applebe admits that he has one peculiar preference of his own. He likes the smell of railway stations and considers this smell one of the real accomplishments of civilization; no doubt, he says, because of its association with the thrills of coming and going of friends as well as of personal travel. Probably few people would agree with him but everybody will understand the feeling.

Here is where America may make some contribution, for it has been discovered by American smell experts, notably by Professor Donald A. Laird, well known to readers of The American Weekly as Professor of Psychology at Colgate University, that the like or dislike which an individual has for certain smells usually are matters of happy or unhappy memories. A child made sick by ice cream may all his life dislike the smell of vanilla. The famous writer and naturalist, William Henry Hudson, reported that he was puzzled for years by a peculiar smell which he liked very much and always remembered during his years of exile in South America, as the veritable "smell of England." Finally he discovered that it was the sour-mash smell of a brewery. It seemed pleasant to him because he had lived near a brewery during an especially happy part of his childhood.

Possibly a child raised happily in a city might come to feel the same about the smells of burned gasoline and hot asphalt and might dislike the country smells of flowers or new mown hay, but at present the Society does not consider this likely.

One useful activity of the Society will be, it is expected, to improve appetites and health by making people want and appreciate better food. Among the greatest uses of smell in Nature Mr. Applebe points out is its use in deciding about different kinds of food and the use of good smells in increasing the flow of the digestive juices and preparing the digestive system to make use of a good meal.

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Emperor Selassie's Clever Woman Spy

Daring Exploits by a Rich Ethiopian Noblewoman Who Organized a Native Espionage Corps to Watch the Italians and Leads a Battalion of Amazon Fighters

The Famous Woman Spy of the World War—Mme. Mata Hari, Who Was Caught by the French and Executed by a Firing Squad.

One of Mme. Manen's Battalion of Ethiopian Women Soldiers. There Are Not Enough Rifles for Everybody in Ethiopia, So the Women Have Been Trained to Use a Spear.

Mme. Manen at Target Practice With a High Power, German, Magazine Pistol. She Is an Expert at Pistol and Rifle Shooting.

Mme. Manen With Pistol at Her Belt and Rifle Hung Over Her Shoulder on Duty With the Troops Near the Ethiopian Front.

Traitors Are Made Short Work of by the Ethiopians. On this Crude Gibbet Are Shown Two Native Spies Who Were Spotted by Mme. Manen's Counter-Espionage System and Promptly Executed.

THE Italian invaders of Ethiopia have been annoyed and puzzled at the continual evidence that their plans and movements are known in advance to Emperor Haile Selassie and his generals in the field. Again and again they have found that surprise attacks were no surprises to the enemy; in some way the secrets of their plans had reached their opponents.

As it turned out that Mata Hari, a dancing girl from the East Indies, was one of the cleverest spies in the great World War, so it has now been discovered that a dark-skinned woman of attractiveness and considerable charm has been acquiring important war secrets. Madame Woezero Manen, the wife of a wealthy Ethiopian nobleman, has used her wealth and cleverness to organize a secret service which has been supplying the Emperor and his army officers with news from inside the Italian lines.

For the past twenty years Madame Manen has studied the espionage and counter-espionage systems of Europe and she has trained some 400 of her countrywomen in these methods. These women represent Ethio, in's only claim to a War Intelligence or Secret Service. To them is due in large part the checking of the Italian advance.

How this Ethiopian "Mata Hari" forecasts the secret movements of the Italian troops is not known. When she receives her orders from the chief-of-staff of the Army it is probable that she disguises herself as a native dancer and bribes her way through the Italian lines.

She is described as being rather light-skinned with large eyes and having the grace of a descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who are her supposed ancestors. She speaks many modern languages and has homes in Paris and Vienna.

Madame Manen is reported to have jewels worth large sums and when she is in Europe the entertainments which she gives are like something out of the Arabian Nights. Her wit and intelligence are renowned and the Emperor Haile Selassie has used her as his special ambassador on many occasions. Although she attended a European University her principal knowledge of spy systems and codes comes from the late Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, the young Englishman who incited the tribes of the desert to revolt against Turkey. When Lawrence had taught his young pupil all he knew she was a match for the cleverest spy.

It is well known now that secret preparation for the present Italian-Ethiopian hostilities began about 1920. At this time the Italians were perfecting a new type of gun suitable for colonial use. Madame Manen received the order to obtain the plans for the construction of the gun then being perfected in an Italian factory near Rome. The greatest secrecy was, of course, necessary for Madame Manen could easily be recognized as an Ethiopian. She used her own methods and leased a handsome villa in Rome and gave lavish entertainments to which many Italian statesmen were invited.

Madame Manen secured a rendezvous with the engineer responsible for the construction of the gun. During the course of an evening which they spent together she stole the engineer's keys and had copies made of them. The next evening his house was broken into by his companion of the night before, the plans were photographed and the drawings were sold to a rival colonial power. The Italian government was furious and imprisoned the engineer. Work on a new gun had to be started and the opening of the hostilities was postponed.

Earlier than this, during the World War, Madame Manen had distinguished herself as a Secret Service operative. The young Emperor Lidj-Yassou, who then claimed the throne, was under the influence of a traitorous Prime Minister, and had signed a secret treaty with a European power in which he sacrificed the unity of the kingdom by breaking it up into small tribal territories. In return he was to receive an enormous sum of money. To England he granted certain rights over Lake Tana, the source of the Nile River and of great electrical power.

The young spy, believing that with England's aid she could keep her country united, went to her clever friend and teacher, Lawrence of Arabia. He consented to help her and is said to have advised her to return to Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, and enter into the dissipated life of the court. While there she was to take part in all the revels and make the acquaintance of the Prime Minister. All this Madame Manen did.

The Prime Minister fell madly in love with her. She became his mistress and initiated him in the opium habit. He completely lost his head and in a short time the secret treaty was in her possession. She gave the treaty to Lawrence, who made known the contents so that the need for the agreement was ended.

She enlisted the aid of Ras Tafari, a powerful tribal chieftain, who overthrew and imprisoned the dissipated young monarch. The throne was then occupied by the Empress Zaidotou, the daughter of Menelik. On her death the throne went to Ras Tafari, who now calls himself Haile Selassie. He awarded Madame Manen for her services to the state by placing her in charge of the Secret Service Department of the War Office.

But what Haile Selassie wanted was recognition as an Emperor by the various nations of the world, who had hitherto looked upon Ethiopia as a semi-barbaric country. One European nation refused to recognize Ethiopia because it wished to seize and colonize some of the land. Haile Selassie learned of this and the existence of a secret document which would bind many of the colonial powers together in refusing to recognize Ethiopia. He sent Madame Manen to learn the contents of this treaty in the hope that the publication of it would upset its intended purpose.

Madame Manen learned that the young son of a well-known diplomat was being sent to Washington with the treaty. His voyage was supposed to take place with the greatest secrecy. Madame Manen, however, booked passage on the same boat on which he traveled. During the course of the voyage she made the young man's acquaintance and suggested that when they arrived in New York they see the city's sights together and the young man readily agreed.

This took place during the era of prohibition and one night they went to a speakeasy. After the young man had had a few drinks Madame Manen slipped away from the table and telephoned the police. The bar was raided soon after and before the young man could notify his consulate he was arrested and searched. This brought to light the secret document and the identity of the young man. The newspapers published parts of the treaty and the young man returned home in disgrace. His country's cause was lost and Ethiopia received the recognition which she had demanded from the foreign powers.

In service recently in her native land, Madame Manen was involved in perhaps her most famous exploit, known as the D'Oual-Oual incident. This dusky Mata Hari disguised herself as a beggar and entered the ranks of the advance guard of the Italian Army of Occupation. No one suspected this ragged beggar and she wandered in and out of the Italian camps and through the warehouses and airplane hangars. In her wanderings she picked up scraps of important information concerning the range of certain airguns, the number of airplanes, and the quantities of provisions which were stored away.

She returned to Addis Ababa and left, soon after, for Geneva the home of the League of Nations. On her way some of the information was recovered by Italian spies, but Madame Manen had stolen them back again within the day. Within a week a report was given out that a secret treaty had been signed by Ethiopia and Japan, based on the contents of the documents which Madame Manen had stolen.

When she returned to Addis Ababa the Emperor made her a colonel and decorated her with "The Star of Ethiopia," a medal reserved for bravery and rarely given to women.

Madame Manen has trained as a soldier, understands the technique of military organization and troop movements. She has not only trained her corps of spies, but has also organized battalions of women fighters. These dusky Amazons are not all armed with modern equipment; some of them fight with spears. Madame Manen, herself, is an expert pistol and rifle shot. Some of the activities of the spy corps of this Ethiopian Mata Hari have been expended in counter-espionage in Addis Ababa. Thus several foreigners have been ordered out of the country and a few native spies have been rounded up and hanged.

Ethiopia is a remarkable country. In the wilderness and along the southern border, wild tribes live almost like the animals. Slavery has existed for centuries and it is extremely difficult for the Emperor to enforce his orders to set free the slaves as he promised the League of Nations he would. The wild chiefs see no reason for giving up this convenient system of their ancestors and thus it is that slavery continues here and there. And yet in strong contrast with these barbarians of the remote areas there lives at Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, the Emperor, and a man of dignity, culture and literary attainments.

The present Emperor is 45 years old, the son of a ras, the Ethiopian word for chief, grand-nephew of the famous Emperor Menelik, who was on the throne until 1913. Although Selassie was not in direct line for the throne he was selected as a regent and heir to the throne to share the rule with Menelik's daughter, Queen Zaidotou, when Menelik's grandson and successor Lidj-Yassou was deposed twenty years ago. The followers of Yassou resisted and four years of internal insurrection and fighting went on before the deposed Emperor was finally captured.

In many uncivilized countries Yassou would have been put to death but Haile Selassie refused to permit this. The deposed Emperor was made a prisoner and held in restraint with golden handcuffs joined by a chain of gold. The royal prisoner was treated with much consideration, given all the delicacies and privileges that were safe to accord him until he died a few weeks ago.

Emperor Selassie is a remarkable man and has made every effort to lift his subjects out of their benighted barbarism. The Emperor is proprietor, editor and chief editorial writer of the only weekly newspaper published in Abyssinia. It is called "Light and Peace." The Foreign Minister is the chief associate editor. The Emperor's articles are generally informative rather than propagandist. One of his articles was against the gay night life. He denounced the drink shops of Abyssinia where young men were lured by music and dancing into spending more than they could afford so that they pawned their weapons.

Selassie not only has a private printing press with a bookbinding plant but he has always cherished literary ambitions. The early religious history of his country and the lives of the saints have been one subject of his literary investigations.

So with a progressive monarch like Selassie, it is not surprising that Ethiopia should have a highly developed modern espionage system.

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Championship Medal for the Biggest Liar

Some of the "Tall Stories" Submitted in the National Contest at the Burlington Liars' Club and the Whopper That Won the Prize

In Grandfather's Day There Was an Amateur Liars' Competition Every Winter Around the Stove in the Village Grocery Store. From "Now I'll Tell One," by O. C. Hulett.

READERS of The American Weekly will recall references from time to time in these pages to an interesting new American institution—The Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin. For several years a medal has been awarded to the champion liar who sends in the most preposterous yarn during the year.

Mr. Otis C. Hulett, of Burlington, Wis., is the president of this club and he has written for The American Weekly the following article giving some specimens of the contributions received during the past year from members, and also a copy of the best lie received during 1935, which was awarded the championship medal.

By OTIS C. HULETT,
President of the Burlington, Wis., Liars' Club.

THE past year has been a busy one for the club which now has members in every State in the Union and in every Canadian Province, and also has members in Newfoundland and Alaska in the North, and in Mexico, Cuba, the Canal Zone and Hawaii. There are men who carry membership cards in Africa, in Australia and in England, in addition to the men, we have a lady member. The last foreigner to gain membership in the Liars' Club was Senor Carlos L. Elizondo, Alajuela, Costa Rica.

Carlos wrote me a four-page letter in Spanish, but our club has acquired an efficient staff of interpreters, so there was little trouble on that score, despite the fact that all the Spanish I know is "chile con carne." When letters from foreign countries come in, I turn them over to the interpreters—all except the ones from England, I translate those myself. You know, they say an Englishman's sense of humor is like a Dakota sod roof—three days after the rain, it starts to leak through. After reading quite a few lies from England I am in a position to state that the fellow who originated that story didn't know what he was talking about—he should have said a week.

After due consideration of the thousands of lies received during 1935, the committee decided to award the championship medal for the champion lie of last year to John (Fibber McGee) Jordan, of Chicago, who submitted the following whopper:

"Two years ago the weather was so cold that it drove a large rat into our house for shelter.

"Do whatever I would, I could not catch him, even with the most cleverly baited traps. Finally I hit upon an idea.

"'The cold drove you in,' says I to myself, 'and the cold will catch you.'

"That night after supper I brought in our largest thermometer and put it in the kitchen, putting a big piece of cheese beneath it.

"The next morning I had Mr. Rat.

"The mercury had fallen so low during the night that it pinned him to the floor."

A Club Member of New Mexico Said He Was So Fast With His Pistol That He Could Stand in Front of a Full-Length Mirror and Beat Himself to the Draw.

Mr. Jordan is really a professional liar instead of an amateur—he tells tall ones over the radio—but that did not disqualify him.

In all there were 5,000 yarns entered.

Our experience is that, on the whole, the most prolific and the most gifted prevaricators are hunters and fishermen, and many of the samples of last year's contributions which I am giving herewith are from sportsmen. Here is a remarkable experience detailed by Sergeant Jason Adamson, Headquarters Troop, 11th Cavalry, U. S. A. The worthy sergeant is stationed at the Presidio in California, and this is what he wrote us about one of the troopers:

"The soldier in question is an expert in radio work, and first developed a hook which would enable him to hear fish swim about in the water. That gave him an idea. Not satisfied with being able to locate the fish with his new device, he reversed the hook-up, and fastened a small bottle to the side of his boat.

"Filling the bottle with angle-worms, he rowed out into the bay, and turned on the current in his set. When the fish heard the broadcast of those worms crawling around in the bottle, they rushed the boat, almost tipping it over. So my friend just rowed into shallow water with the fish following him and kept up his broadcast until the tide went out and left the fish, which wouldn't swim away as long as they could hear those worms, stranded high and dry on the beach!"

While these more or less scientific achievements of our members in fishing and hunting are interesting, yet perhaps it is the achievements in every-day life which are really more important, and as we quote the following letter from Mr. Don Michler, 311 North East Street, Herington, Kansas, we feel that perhaps he is entitled to a handsome financial award by the Federal boondogglers:

"After years of experimenting," Don writes, "I have succeeded in crossing the ordinary buckwheat with a Mexican jumping bean. The resulting grain, which I call 'jumpwheat,' when ground, produces a pancake flour which made into a batter and poured onto a griddle, will turn itself!"

Mr. Frank Tomlinson, 50 Morris Street, Newark, Ohio, had a remarkable experience. Listen to Frank's report of the day when he went hunting groundhogs, which some people call woodchucks:

"I had been warned by friends," he states, "that no matter how hard you hit a groundhog, it would keep moving to get back into its hole before it died. So, when I shot at the first one, I dropped the gun and made a dash to catch him before he could get into his den. It was an even fifty yards to the hole, and just as I reached down to grab the groundhog something hit me in the back of the leg. It was the bullet I had just fired, which had just caught up with me."

And here is a lie from the Wolverine State which certainly is a deep one. Don Jones, of 128 Grove Street, Allegan, Michigan, writes in to tell of a well, located on his neighbor's farm.

"We have some wells in Michigan," he declares, "which are noted for their depth, but I believe this one takes the prize. My neighbor always has a neighborly Christmas gathering at his home, and when dinner is ready, he rings a big bell.

"A year ago, to get the bell out of the weather, he hung it under the roof of a house he had erected above his open well. On Christmas day, 1934, he rung the bell as usual to summon his friends, and imagine his surprise when exactly at the same hour on Christmas of this year, he heard the peal of his bell again summoning them to his Christmas party, although he had not touched the pull-rope. Investigation proved the sound he heard was the echo from the year before, which after striking the bottom of the well, had just gotten back to the surface."

Perhaps the Chambers of Commerce in Kansas and other cyclone States might experiment with the idea set forth by Mr. Herman Michelson, of Paducah, Kentucky:

"I was visiting my cousin one afternoon when a dark cloud appeared on the horizon. We did not think much about it until several people ran past us yelling 'tornado,' and telling us to head for a storm cellar. We ran for it, but as we went through the kitchen, I saw a huge onion and a head of garlic on the table. That gave me an idea. Putting them both into my mouth, I chewed as rapidly as possible, and ran back outside. Inhaling deeply, I blew my breath right in the face of the tornado, which was sweeping down on me. My breath by that time was so strong that it not only broke up the tornado, but blew a barn it had carried fifty miles back onto its foundation."

He Focussed His Telescope on the Mule Which Was Grazing in a Clover Patch Ten Miles Away. The Mule Lashed Out With Both Hind Feet and the Glass Had Brought Him So Close That He Felt the Mule's Kick and Suffered Six Broken Ribs.

Apparently that big, new telescope the scientists are planning is just a toy compared to one owned by Ted O'Haver, who lives on Rural Route Two, out of Bloomdale, Ohio. Listen—

"I loaned my telescope to a friend so that he could look for his mule, which had wandered away during the night. Climbing a high hill he went to work, and finally located the mule, grazing in a clover patch ten miles away. Just as he got the glass focussed right, he saw a bumblebee sting the mule on the flank. The mule lashed out with both hind feet, and the glass had brought him so close that my friend suffered six broken ribs."

And, should anyone think the ladies can't stretch the truth let them read this and be convinced of their error. It was entered in the contest by Mrs. Ada May Rowe, Warrensburg, N. Y. She writes:

"I can't tell you just exactly how cold it got here during the last cold snap, because the mercury went so low in all the thermometers that you couldn't see it. But it was so cold that the humane society made the city put ear-muffs on all the icicles!"

S. Davis Ricketts, of Perryman, Maryland, has a low-cost housing plan which beats even the Government's experiments along that line—if you can believe his letter.

"At the time I was thinking of being married," he writes, "I owned two lots on the edge of town. That year I planted them to potatoes. I was disappointed when only one potato grew, but that one turned out to be a monster. It got so big that when I dug it, there was a hole big enough for a cellar. When I sold it, I got money enough to build a house over the hole, so I got married and my wife and I have lived in the house for the last twenty-five years."

Auto drivers, who frequently get stuck in the mud, should get in touch with E. E. Sanders, 1202 West Fort Street, Detroit, Mich. His idea beats a jack all hollow—if it works. He gives it free of charge—

"The writer represented a baking powder manufacturer in central Wisconsin some years ago, in a district where Spring holes were the style when the frost went out of the roads in the Spring (State Highway Department please take notice). About dusk one evening, after finding a man standing on his load of hay, with the wagon and horses completely sunk out of sight in the mud, I mixed some water from the ditch with a five-pound can of my baking powder, and pushed the pail containing the mixture down into the mud with a long stick. The baking powder, which the company guaranteed to raise anything, lived up to its reputation, for inside of ten minutes it had raised the load, team and all out of the mud, and the farmer drove away."

Not only are personal experiences of the members of the club welcomed, but we are especially interested in their observations of the strange doings of Nature. Thus, it is a pleasure to present this interesting communication from Mr. Ben Jones, of Newark, Ohio. Ben says:

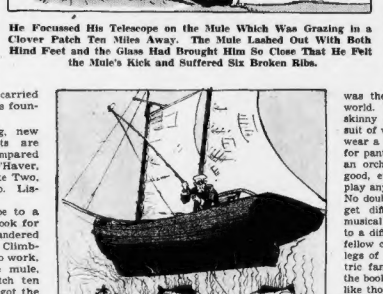
"While coming out of the woods where I had been chopping all morning, I was much puzzled by the strange action of a huge chestnut tree which stood by the path. There was a crack in the north side of the tree, and at short intervals, this crack would widen to the extent of four inches all the way from top to bottom of the tree, closing again, only to repeat the performance.

"I could not understand the performance, so after dinner I took some friends along, and we cut the tree down. After felling the tree we cut it open, and in the hollow trunk found 85 fat coons, 17 possums, three turkey buzzards, and at the bottom nine black snakes, each eight feet long.

"We figured it out that the tree was so full of animals that the only way they could get fresh air was to lay with their noses to the crack, and by all inhaling at once, force it open."

We all take a pride in Uncle Sam's soldiers who always do credit to their uniforms when duty calls. We have several army men who carry membership cards, and I present here a letter from Private Carl O. Fischer, Company L, Fourth Infantry, stationed at Fort Lincoln, North Dakota. Judging by the talent displayed in his letters, I predict that if Carl stays in the army he will get to be a general.

"I once had a neighbor," he writes, "who was the skinniest man in the world. In fact, he was so skinny that he could put on a suit of wool underwear and still wear a double-barreled shotgun for pants. He finally set up as an orchestra leader and made good, even though he couldn't play any kind of an instrument. No doubt you have seen a man get different notes out of a musical saw by bending the saw to a different angle. Well, this fellow could plant those skinny legs of his in front of an electric fan and play any tune in the book, just by weaving about like those high priced orchestra leaders do."



The Captain of the Schooner Prevaricator Crossed the Sahara Desert on the Heat Waves and Made the Voyage Profitable by Catching Smoked Herrings.

Now, here is a bit of scientific advice from J. A. Dupois, Ottawa, Canada. Many of you who like oysters on the half shell may have had trouble opening them. Here is the way Mr. Dupois solves this problem:

"First," he writes, "place an oyster on the table and sit down facing it. Next, open your mouth and give vent to a series of loud yawns. As you may have noticed from your own experience, yawning is catching, and it won't be long until you have the oyster yawning from sympathy. When it does this, quickly insert a wedge between the lips of its shell so that it cannot be closed, and there you have him. Simple, isn't it?"

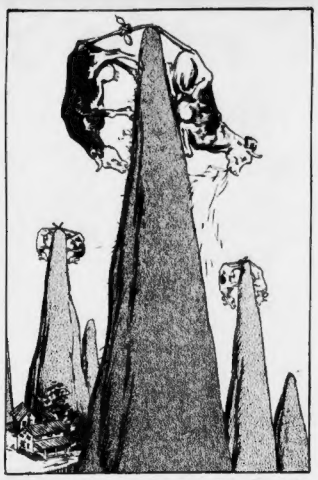
Incidentally, these Canadians are great fellows for clearing up puzzling questions. For instance, Al Sideen, who took me fishing when I was up in Canada last Summer, solved for me the mystery of why Scotchmen wear kilts. Al says it is because their feet are so big they can't get them into pants.

Now Jack Hampton, Port Arthur, Texas, may not be the world's champion liar, but by his own admission he is the world's toughest man. A fellow from New Mexico wrote in to say he was as fast he could stand in front of a full-length mirror and beat himself to the draw. Well, Jack says he is so tough that he is afraid to look in a mirror.

"I am so tough," says Jack, "that when my wife sees me coming from work (I catch alligators out of the swamps), she tells the kids to hide until I eat supper and go to bed. My dog is so used to being whipped that he meets me at the gate every night with a club in his mouth. The sad part of it is, I am rapidly getting worse, and lately I have become so tough that my shadow is afraid to accompany me on sunny days."

Among our club members are persons of all trades, vocations and professions. Mr. Guy R. Eide, a traveling salesman, writes from Green Bay, Wisconsin:

"My grandfather is an old sea captain. Long before Mussolini discovered that capturing Ethiopia is like shucking a black walnut—you get your fingers stained doing it—grandfather sailed the good ship Prevaricator across the Sahara Desert on the heat waves, and made a fortune catching smoked herrings."



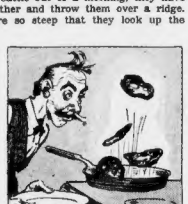
Some of the Hills in Alabama Are So Steep That When the Natives Put the Cattle Out of a Morning They Have to Tie Their Tails Together and Throw Them Over a Ridge to Do Their Grazing.

Everybody knows that there is a sort of friendly rivalry between the United States Marines, who are soldiers aboard the ships of the Navy, and the "gobs," who are the crew. We get quite a few letters from "gobs" who hand out some sharp remarks about the Marines, and from Marines who pay similar compliments to the gobs. Here is a letter from Private F. J. Knack, Second Signal Company, Marine Corps Barracks, San Diego, California:

"Having taken a great interest in your club and its benefit to mankind as a whole, I would like to submit my entry to the, shall we say 'stranger than fiction' contest. I am quite sure that all of those tall tales are not the offspring of fertile or imaginative minds. The proof of this I will leave to my account of Alabama home life.

"I am a Marine, and having read a few cutting remarks submitted by one of Uncle Sam's flatfeet I won't even reply, as only a man with an inferiority complex tries to run down his fellow men. Those benighted sons of Neptune are not to be blamed for their sad condition, so we Marines just consider the source and forget the simple things they say or do. Why, just the other day one of those poor, benighted creatures asked me how long he would have to serve in the Navy before he could become a Marine.

"Now, here are my observations on Alabama. The hills down there are so steep that when the natives of that country put the cattle out of a morning, they have to tie their tails together and throw them over a ridge. Honestly, the hills are so steep that they look up the chimney at night to see if these selfsame cattle are coming home. About a week before I came away one of the neighbors went down into a gully and fell through the bottom of a well he had been digging.



Ingenious Invention of a Club Member Who Succeeded in Crossing Ordinary Buckwheat With Mexican Jumping Beans, Producing "Jumpwheat," So That Pancakes Poured on to a Griddle Will Turn Themselves.

"Their method of gathering potatoes is one of the most unique sights I have ever seen. They plant their potatoes up and down the hills and when the time for harvesting comes, they merely cut off the lower end of the row and hold a sack under it."

You have probably heard the one about the fellow who picked up a hat which was lying on a muddy road, only to find under it the head of a man who had got stuck with a load of hay. Well, if you can believe C. H. Simons, of Monroe, Louisiana, those two fellows, between 'em, didn't have mud enough to start making mud pies:

"Some time ago I was on a train going from Monroe to Ferriday, Louisiana. We sidetracked, waiting for another train to pass. I happened to glance upward out of the window, and saw a buzzard that seemed to be having a very hard time. It was flapping its wings with all its might, but was making no headway.

"This strange action on the part of the bird prompted me to leave my seat for a better view of his actions. I went to the door of the coach, and finding it blocked by the conductor, I waited for him to move and allow me to descend to the ground. He paid no attention to me, until I started to push him out of the way. Then he grabbed my arm, pulling me back inside.

"'Don't go outside!', he warned me in a serious tone.

"'What's wrong?' I asked him.

"'Do you see that bird up there?' he asked me.

"'Sure,' I replied.

"'Well,' he told me, 'it rained here yesterday, and his shadow is bogged down and he can't flap his wings hard enough to pull it loose from the mud!'

"Returning by the same route, two days later, I arrived just in time to see the bird fly away. It was worn so thin from lack of food and from exertion, that it could no longer cast a shadow!"

A fish story has never yet won the Liars' Club prize, but Dorothy Hyson, of London, was a runner-up this year with a story of an Irish angler. Unable to catch any fish, she said, he threw snuff in the water, and this caused the fish to sneeze so hard they hammered themselves to death on the rocks.

The club is growing every year and if the reader of this article has had personal experience or observation of some wonder of Nature which he thinks can win our annual diamond studded medal award for the championship lie of the year—mail your entry to the Burlington Liars' Club, Burlington, Wisconsin, and enclose a dime. This dime is the first, last and only cost of belonging to the club and is used to pay for postage and printing.

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Funny Men—But No Jokes to Their Wives

Recent Rush of Comedians' Mates to the Divorce Courts Show That Comical Husbands Who Are Such a Laugh on the Stage May Be Only a Pain at Home

Cliff Edwards, "Ukulele Ike," Looking Funny Even in Court Where He Was Battling With an Ex-Wife Over Alimony.

Mrs. Mary Jane Truex, Wife of the Stage and Screen Comedian, Who Startled Their Friends in a Night Club Just After the New Year Dawned by Announcing That She Planned to File a Divorce Suit. Ernest Was Much Saddened by the News.

Barbara Newberry, Who Divorced Funny Eddie Foy, Jr., Because She Didn't Find Him Funny at All at Home, and Just the Other Day Married a Staid British Business Man, Who Is an Amateur Golf Champion.

Barbara Stanwyck, Whose Marriage to Comedian Frank Fay Was Supposed to Have Been Ideally Happy—But Recently Turned Out Not to Be When Barbara Began Suit for Divorce.

MARIAN BONNELL'S rather mild criticism of comedian Ted Healy for making a bonfire of her clothes and furniture on the kitchen stove, calls attention to the astonishing number of other women who lately have announced sadly that professional laugh-makers on the stage are "unfunny" in private life.

Miss Bonnell, former showgirl and partner of Healy on stage and screen, understood perfectly. She did not lose her temper any more than a bee-keeper does when he gets stung. One has to expect such things in either line. There is one difference, however. bee-keepers eventually become immune to beestings, but no woman, even an actress, seems to get hardened entirely to the humor of a comedian off-stage.

There was a showdown and Healy confessed just what Bonnie had suspected from past experience—the idea wasn't original. Some crazy scenario writer had invented it for one of Ted's pictures and audiences had laughed till they cried. It was not their property they saw burning, or perhaps they would not have seen the humor quite so well. Miss Bonnell not only understood, but was able to explain to Deputy District Attorney George Johnson that all comedians are likely to get that way. And Ted said he didn't know the gas stove was lighted when he piled on those things.

So nothing was done to Mr. Healy, except to let him pay for the damage.

For the last seven years everyone had pointed to one outstanding exception, which seemed to prove that after all a comedian might not be so impossible in private life. There was the beautiful and talented actress, Barbara Stanwyck, happy though married to comedian Frank Fay. But the other day a Los Angeles court awarded her a divorce on the grounds that he got on her nerves and interfered with her work.

When they met, Fay was a headliner in vaudeville, and Barbara hardly known on the stage. Since then he has stayed just about where he was while his wife rose to screen stardom. The former Mrs. Fay did not reveal just how the comedian husband upset her nerves except that it was by nerve-wracking arguments.

Other sweethearts and wives of comedians have been more explicit. One of the heart-breaks of a comedian's wife is that she always strives to please him by telling him a joke he has never heard before but she never succeeds. The minister who marries anyone to a comedian ought to take the bride aside and caution her not to do that. It is almost as impossible as for the wife of the heavyweight boxing champion to knock him out with her inexperienced fist.

When Cliff Edwards, better known as "Ukulele Ike," and his second wife, Irene, were suing each other for divorce in Los Angeles, he said all he wanted was his dog and his freedom. He got them but there was the usual argument of how much he should pay for them. Mrs. Edwards told the court that she needed at least $250 a month to maintain the social status to which she had become accustomed as the wife of the eminent comedian Cliff Edwards. The said gentleman was sitting in court looking gloomy and solemn as most comedians do when they are not working. On hearing his wife say that, he upset the courtroom with an explosion of laughter. Even his own lawyer frowned at him.

"Your Honor—I beg pardon," he finally managed to say. "But that is a brand-new, original thought. You don't realize how funny it is. I am Ukulele Ike, with no more social position than an onion and that is all she has to maintain. That joke is priceless."

At last a comedian's wife had made her own husband laugh, even if it was an exit laugh. The judge thought with the dog, the priceless joke and all his freedom ought to be worth $250 a month.

Many comedians sing and play musical instruments which delight audiences but are often an extra cruelty to their wives. The first Mrs. Edwards, Gertrude Benson, who was on the stage with him, says that song, even without the wine and women that complete that trilogy, may become maddening. Somewhere on the road tour, she doesn't recall just where, Cliff bought a ukulele, paying $4 for it. From then on, she says, life was one long series of irritating "plinks."

Between meals, during meals, between shows, immediately upon awaking, before retiring, Cliff plinked away, the while going over and over a song until he was satisfied the plinks harmonized with his notes.

Because in the beginning they could afford only the smallest quarters, Gertrude said this constant practice almost drove her crazy.

Finally, she said, she got into the habit of ducking out whenever she saw him pick up the "flea." The big drawback to this was that she found herself walking the streets in rain, cold, heat and every other kind of weather, and going to her show appearances almost exhausted. Back home or in the hotel room she yearned for sufficient peace and quiet to take a nap or get a good night's sleep, but was always frustrated by those endless and monotonous "plinkings."

Although it is more than sixteen years ago that she went through the "learning to play the ukulele" stage with her ex-husband, one of his first songs is imprinted indelibly on her memory, she says:

"It had the silliest words I ever heard, so silly I don't believe it ever achieved publication.

"I woke up with these words and went to bed with them. I tell you if the girl of the song had been real I'd been tempted to feed her arsenic.

"His second song in that embryonic stage was 'Homeward Bound.' It had something to do with the war. In striving for a gay, rollicking effect, he succeeded, also, in giving me a rollicking, good headache.

"Well, I'd got up and walked out so often that I was more than mildly surprised the day he walked out—with his ukulele. I never saw him again, or until the day we met for our divorce hearing. In the meantime, our attorneys had arranged a settlement for our son's support."

Mrs. Edwards is now the wife of Norman Ryrholm, of No. 5041 Mango avenue, Chicago, who made a prenuptial agreement not to be musical or funny around the house.

His second wife, Mrs. Irene L. Edwards, who gave Cliff the priceless joke about his social position, also flew out of matrimony and soon was asking the courts to make the funny man pay up a lot of back alimony.

"I have only my uke," said Ike, "I will sing you a funny song."

"Never mind," said the second Mrs. Edwards, "you can't live on laughs."

Edwards was married a third time, in 1932, to Nancy Dover, screen actress, and they have been living together happily.

Roy Atwell, word-mangling comedian of stage and radio, has twice been sued by wives who could not take matrimony entirely as a joke. The first was Dorothy Young, banker's daughter. The second, Ethel Smith, former chorus girl, was in the Connecticut courts the other day, complaining that Roy's hand had long ago begun stuttering about writing alimony checks, but recently had become completely paralyzed. She thought a little contempt of court treatment would cure it.

Side-Splitting "Colonel Stoopnagle" of the Radio as Mac West—Just to Be Different, He Is Suing His Wife Instead of Her Suing Him.

Mrs. Roy Atwell, Wife of That Famous Word-Mangler, Who Tells the Court She Can't Stand Him Any Longer.

Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle of Stoopnagle and Budd, who off the air, in private life, is Frederick Chase Taylor, has become no longer a joke to his wife, the former Lois de Ridder. But, just to be original, Lemuel, not Lois, is planning the divorce. He finds that not only wives, but the general public sometimes take a joke seriously.

On the radio he announces preposterous inventions, such as inverted lighthouses for submarines. One of these comic contraptions was a big flatiron, with a pilot flatiron to go ahead of it, into the pleats of a shirt. To his amazement a man in California wrote that he had put his pilot flatiron idea on the market, was making money and invited him to come in as a partner.

Just before the year ended, Barbara Newberry, Follies star who, according to the late Flo Ziegfeld, has the most beautiful legs in the world, married Robert E. Foster, renowned British golfer who recently won the Prince of Wales' cup.

Mr. Foster, though American-born, has all the solid, substantial qualities of a typical British husband. He takes marriage seriously and the most he would be likely to inflict on a wife in the way of cruelty would be occasionally, after a bottle of sherry, to remember out loud one of those well-seasoned English jokes that were approved by ancient kings. This is an important item in the bride's future happiness, because she learned something from her first husband, Eddie Foy, Jr., who believed that comedy, like charity, should begin at home and on one's wife.

Barbara says she tried to laugh at such things as finding her slippers nailed to the floor, or the bed sheets glued together and her guests insulted and embarrassed in various ingenious ways. This was "slap-stick" comedy but when it came to slap-face comedy, that was a bit too much.

She told the court that one day when she had been sick in bed for some time, her husband entered the sick room and in the tenderest manner imaginable asked if she was feeling better. She had to tell him that there did not seem to be any improvement. Instead of his looking pained and sending for the doctor, she says his countenance broke into a broad grin and slapping both sides of her face, he announced happily:

"That's fine. I hope you get worse."

The next scene was in a lawyer's office.

And just after the year began funny George Rockwell, of New York and Maine, who specializes in medical comedy, and who is known as Dr. Rockwell, Q. Q. Q., began to have new troubles. The "Q. Q. Q." incidentally, stands for "Quack, Quack, Quack."

Way back in 1925, Claire, his wife, who lives in New Jersey, obtained an interlocutory decree from him because she couldn't quite reconcile herself to his jokes. "Doc" is one of the most studious of comics, and spends days in the libraries, but, nothing he ever read there could show him how to raise alimony when he wasn't working. In the good days, he made $25,000 a year. He paid altogether about $46,000 in alimony. But Doc says radio work gave out, and vaudeville is on the rocks, and now he earns less than $5,000 a year. Mrs. Rockwell, however, says a bargain's a bargain and she wants her alimony.

But Doc has just written his own prescription in the form of a plea in the Domestic Court, of Providence, R. I., asking that his wife be forced to obtain a final decree and reduce the alimony to $75 a week.

Another funny fellow whose wife was only nineteen when she married him, is Ernest Truex, famous comic of stage and screen. But he is very sad lately. The wife, Mary Jane Truex, announced the other day that she would sue him for divorce. She confided to friends that she couldn't be happy in domesticity with a comedian any longer. Neither did she find happiness with Mike Durso, orchestra leader. She married Ernest in 1931, the same year that she and Durso were divorced.

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Rome's Castle of Angels and Terrors is Restored

The Italian Government Finishes Reconstruction Work on the Romantic Old Castle of Sant' Angelo, Famous for Its Intimate Connection With the Mystery and History of the City's Middle Ages

The Great Castle of Sant' Angelo, Built to Be a Tomb, Used as a Fort and a Defense for Popes and Finally as a Torture Chamber.

ROME Jan 15

THE wonder-working Prime Minister Mussolini, having restored the Rome of the Caesars, has now completed the same service for the mystery-haunted Rome of the medieval times

Foremost in this new program is the restoration of the castle of Sant' Angelo, which is more closely associated than any other building with its dark mysteries as well as the splendid dramas of the Rome of the Middle Ages. Here occurred the heartbreaking tragedy of the trial and execution of the beautiful and ill-fated Beatrice da Cenci, as well as many other dramatic events

Sant' Angelo was originally built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, kinsman of Marcus Aurelius, as a tomb for his family, but circumstances made it a monument of a later period The mausoleum was completed by Hadrian's successor, Antoninus Pius in 139 A D., 1,796 years ago. The later Emperors began to use it as a stronghold on account of its massive construction and its position at the head of the Bridge of Elius later the Bridge of Sixtus, which commanded many of the roads to central Italy

The Emperor Aurelian combined it with the fortified system of the city and in 845, Pope Leo IV, further developed it and made it the chief fortress of the Papacy. It is the magnificent Castle of the age of papal supremacy, with its outworks that are now being restored and freed from the disfiguring incumbrances which have been built on and around it in modern times, especially in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries

The early Popes first chose the Vatican as their residence because it was protected by the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and then connected their palaces with it by a high covered wall called "Il Passetto." It stands to the Castle of Sant' Angelo on account of an imposing marble angel which stands on its summit and still stands originally the Emperor Hadrian, who ordered the edge of the roof with a great number of huge and magnificent statues brought home by him from his journeys in the Roman provinces which extended all over the known world. Belisarius, the brilliant peasant general of the later Roman Empire broke the statues up to use them as missiles while resisting the siege of Rome by the Goths Later the soldiers of the Pope, finding the fragments in the moat, used them as cannonballs in the earliest European cannon

The fortress was enlarged by successive Popes and Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope, added greatly to its defenses. There were many fierce battles around its walls as well as dramas within. Pope Clement VII found refuge there in 1527, when Rome was captured and sacked with terrible atrocities by the Constable de Bourbon, of the French royal family, with his 38,000 mercenary soldiers, mostly Germans The gifted and bellicose artist Benvenuto Cellini, claims to have killed the infamous Constable during the sack

The Castle was finally enclosed in a magnificent fortified system of five bastions, joined by huge stone curtains and having the form of a star This system was completed by Pope Pius IV, who reigned from 1559 to 1565. The star-shaped enclosure stood almost 30 feet high about the moat which encircled it. On one side it projected over the River Tiber, embracing the important bridge between two of its bastions It thus controlled communication between Rome and a large area, and was used as a convenient place for dropping undesirable prisoners into the river

A Hooded Brother of the Order of St. John the Beheaded, Who Accompanied Condemned Prisoners to Their Deaths in Sant' Angelo.

The fortress was built by a model of the military art of the Renaissance period but was furnished with the grace and high artistic skill of the time, qualities which in many respects resembles the Tower of London although of more artistic merit. The head of London also faces a river and according to tradition, occupies the site of a building of Roman times Like the Tower, the Castle of Sant' Angelo was for centuries a prison for State offenders and was the scene of the trial, execution or murder of many princes and princesses heroes and even church dignitaries

In the Tower of London Queen Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and Queen Katherine Howard were beheaded among many others and in the Castle of Sant' Angelo Beatrice da Cenci, Giordano Bruno, Cardinal Caraffa, Benvenuto Cellini and Cagliostro were imprisoned and suffered in one way or another. A large number of famous prisoners, among them Benvenuto Cellini, left inscriptions and designs on the walls of the cells, which add interest to the central part of the fortress

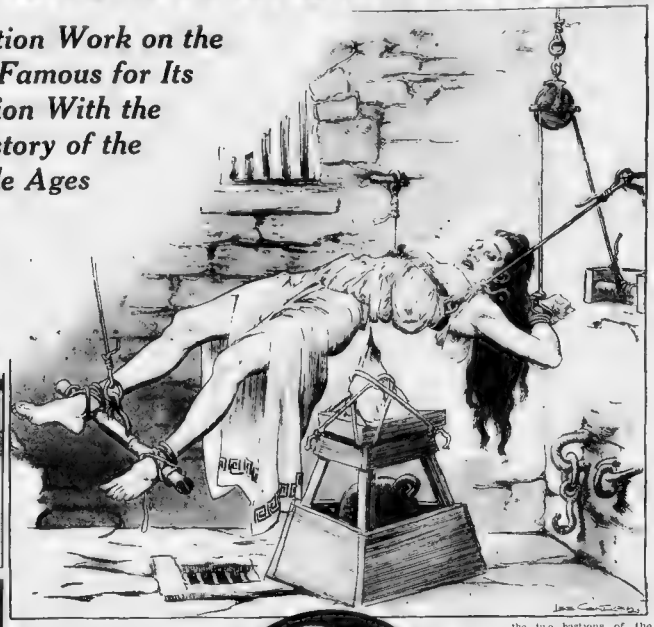
The story of Beatrice da Cenci is perhaps the most famous connected with the old building She was the daughter of Count Francesco Cenci, a Roman nobleman of vast wealth and extremely ancient family, going back to the days of ancient Rome He occupied the lonely Castle of La Petrella outside Rome and a palace in the city. Cenci was addicted to all kinds of wickedness and was a monster of cruelty to his children and servants. He had been tried once for a disgraceful crime but had been released on account of his rank on paying a great fine. Finally he was killed in his bed by the keeper of the Castle and a hired assassin

An Iron Cage in Which Condemned Prisoners, Whom It Was Not Desired to Hand Over to the Executioners, Were Placed and Allowed to Hang From the Castle Heights Until They Starved to Death.

His second wife, his daughter Beatrice and two sons were arrested for conspiring to cause his death. It has generally been believed that Beatrice entered into the conspiracy because her father had attacked her brutally. The subject has always been involved in mystery, for the charge against Cenci is said to have been made by Beatrice's counsel in a desperate attempt to save her life. No one can say how much truth there was in the confessions of any of the prisoners, for they were obtained under the most cruel torture

Beatrice, who was only 22, was tortured day after day with extraordinary cruelty and her endurance was remarkable. Among the devices used on her was the torture by "the cord." This consisted of a rope attached to a pulley in the ceiling of the torture chamber and running over the pulley to a wheel which was turned by two of the torturers. When the accused was to be "questioned," a strong cord was bound around her wrists and this cord was attached to the rope from the ceiling. When the torturers turned the wheel the poor girl was lifted up from the floor, all her weight upon the bound wrists

Sometimes the arms, instead of being brought up in the natural position, were first bound behind the back and the rope attached to them there. Everyone knows the almost unbearable pain that comes from having the arms twisted backward and upward in this fashion.



The Terrible Torture "La Veglia"—the Vigil—in Which the Weary Victim's Body Finally Sinks Upon the Sharpened Stone Directly Beneath It. It Was Nine Hours Spent in This Torture Chamber That Caused Beatrice da Cenci to Confess Murder.

The record of Beatrice's case contains the following description of her torture.

"We caused her to be raised still higher, to the height of about four feet, but she pretended to swoon

"We caused a jar of water to be thrown upon her head; the cool shower revived her, and she cried: 'My God! I am dead!' You are killing me! My God" But would make no different reply

"We then caused her to be raised still higher, during which she struggled and shrieked, saying, again and again, 'My God! My God!'

"Being questioned yet again as to said parricide, she refused to say anything except that she was innocent, and immediately fainted

"Again we caused water to be thrown upon her; she recovered consciousness, opened her eyes and cried, 'Oh, ye cursed executioners! You are killing me! You are killing me!' But would say nothing more

"Thereupon the torturer raised her to the height of ten feet, and we urged her again to tell us the truth, but, whether because she had lost the power of speech or because she did not wish to speak, she made no other reply than a motion of the head, which signified that she would not or could not say anything"

After hours of this torture she still refused to confess. Her arms had been pulled out of joint and surgeons put them back and nursed her back to health in preparation for a more severe torture. This was known as "la Veglia," meaning "the vigil." In this the prisoner was suspended by the arms from the ceiling, with her feet attached to a wall, so that she was in a semi-sitting position, but could only sit on a sharp stone, which caused "agasms of unspeakable atrocity." After nine hours of this atrocious torture, the unhappy Beatrice signified that she would confess anything asked of her

She was beheaded in front of the Castle of Sant' Angelo Her stepmother, Lucrezia, was also beheaded, and her brother, Giacomo, after having been tortured with red-hot pincers, was crushed with a mace and drawn and quartered in the streets of Rome

The tragedy of Beatrice da Cenci was made the subject of a remarkable poetic drama by Shelley. The poet was inspired by looking at the famous portrait of Beatrice, by Guido Reni, now in the Colonna Palace, painted by him from life while she was in prison, and often praised as the most poignant representation of human sorrow and suffering ever created

The Unfortunate Beatrice da Cenci, Who Was Tortured in the Dungeons of Sant' Angelo Until She Confessed the Murder of Her Father and Was Executed. From the Portrait Painted During Her Imprisonment by Guido Reni.

Another great tragedy connected with the Castle was that of Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, who was nearly elected Pope at the election which resulted in placing Pius IV on the Papal Throne The Cardinal was accused of having taken part, with his brother, Giovanni, Duke of Paliano, in the assassination of the latter's wife and her lover The prosecution was planned by a merciless enemy of the Cardinal, the Public Accuser Pallantiero, who years before had been kept prisoner and, according to some accounts, tortured by the ecclesiastic

After a long trial, the Cardinal was condemned to death, an almost unknown occurrence for one of his position, and his brother was condemned at the same time. The Duke of Paliano was beheaded in the square in front of the Castle of Sant' Angelo, but the authorities, wishing to avoid the unedifying spectacle of the public execution of a Cardinal, ordered him strangled in his prison. The executioner, according to the generally accepted version, threw the rope around the Cardinal's neck while he was saying his prayers, but the rope broke The executioner tied another knot and this also broke. Finally he strangled the Cardinal with his own hands

Five years later, under the rule of another Pope, Pius V, the trial of the Cardinal was reopened at the petition of his relatives and he and his brother were pronounced innocent. The Public Accuser Pallantiero was then beheaded and the honor and good name of the Caraffa family were restored

The famous old Castle underwent severe disfigurement when Rome was occupied by the troops of United Italy in 1870. It was then decided to strengthen the banks of the Tiber and the two bastions of the Castle on the riverside were demolished. The picturesque enclosing fortifications built by the Popes began to disappear little by little, because the moat, which was filled with stagnant water, was productive of malaria and there was a demand to fill it up. A row of barracks, built under Pope Urban VIII, partially hid the Castle and marred the dignity of its appearance. It was worse treated in later times for a Museum of the Military Engineers was installed here and its directors added various buildings, further hiding the Castle The non-commissioned officers attached to the Museum constructed their poor little houses under the shadow of the Castle, and built us ful but untidy little kitchen gardens on the bastions. The gardeners carried up hundreds of loads of earth and fertilizer until the central part of the Castle was half buried

A distinguished Italian architect, Attilio Spaccarelli, had been troubled over this vandalism for many years. It was his dream to restore the Castle to its appearance when it was the central feature of Roman life and to rebuild the five-sided medieval fortification He was unable to obtain any help from either governments until Mussolini came into power, when he interested the Under Secretary of the Interior, Signor Rossoni, who placed the project before the Dictator

In one day, the plan that had been despised for years, was accepted. Mussolini sent for the architect and gave orders to begin work on his design at once and have it finished without delay. The last touches have recently been put on the undertaking. As it now stands it has cost less than $1,500,000 and will give back to Rome a magnificent example of the military architecture of the Renaissance and a park of fifteen acres

The fortress is now open to the public until late in the evening. The visitor is able to enter the cells where Beatrice da Cenci, Benvenuto Cellini and other famous historical characters were imprisoned, and to wander through the galleries where the garrison defended the Castle against innumerable sieges. As these galleries might become a resort for tramps and undesirable characters, it is necessary to close the park of the Castle at night

The architect has laid out on the five bastions of the fortification groves of fir trees which agree admirably with the architecture of the place and make it more agreeable for visitors Around the high walls of the stronghold there are beautiful radiating avenues of flex trees and the bottom of the moat has been converted into a green lawn, as in the Tower of London No spot in Rome affords a better panorama of the city than the summit of the castle, and it is believed that the finest view of the dome of St. Peter's is obtained from it

This restoration marks a new stage in the program of public works inaugurated by "Il Duce."

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Strange New Cult of Belgian Faith Healers

The Antoinists Who Believe Prayer Will Cure Everything But That Intelligence Is Man's Worst Enemy, and If You Help Another You May Thwart the Divine Purpose

With Devotional Interest the Followers Listen to a Sermon on the Tenets of Father Antoin, One of Which Is to Distrust the Intelligence.

The Great Healer! In a Trance the Priest Prays Before the Portrait of White Bearded Pere Antoin, Entreating His Spirit to Help in the Healing of a Sick Disciple. On the Wall Is the Symbol of the Cult, "The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil."

Two Antoinists in the Prescribed Black Garb of the Cult Doing Missionary Work With a Possible Recruit.

The Church of the Antoinists in Liege.

THE ANTOINISTS, a sect of more than a million faith healers, mostly in Belgium, pray to the soul of an old man dead since 1912, who had huge white whiskers but who was barely able to read and write.

Members of the cult are convinced that all anyone has to do to be cured of any ailment whatever, is to go to one of their churches in Belgium, France or Holland, with sufficient faith in the goodness of the late Father Antoin. If the sick person does not get well or even feel any improvement that is because he hasn't sufficient faith. He then keeps right on attending services until his faith becomes sufficiently robust to bring results or he quits in despair.

Some people must surely have believed that they were benefited or all these people, mostly very poor, would not be putting in so much time and even a little money. Unfortunately the cult gives out no statistics of names and addresses of cases because one is supposed to take everything on faith. Statistics are only for doubting Thomases.

Dr. Emile Coue achieved a fortune and world-fame by merely advising sick people to keep repeating: "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." When one sad day, the good Coue got worse and worse and finally died, with his magic phrase on his lips, the cult died with him.

Not so with Father Antoin. Before that remarkable personage passed on, he left word that his spirit would come back and work as hard as ever curing believers through a successor, duly appointed by his widow. Though ignorant and illiterate, Father Antoin handed down among his precepts a startlingly new idea which undoubtedly never entered the head of any of the world's great thinkers.

Most people have supposed that man's blunders and troubles came from not enough intelligence to handle them. Father Antoin actually cautioned his followers not to be too intelligent because he found intelligence likely to conflict with faith and conscience. It must be admitted that with only a little less intelligence the race would have remained in the unworried anthropoid ape stage and perhaps have become extinct long ago.

Another of his rather novel thoughts is that in giving of money or any other form of charity to the needy, one takes on a great responsibility and should proceed with great caution, if at all. Otherwise one may be thwarting the plans of the Almighty to improve the afflicted person, through suffering, by relieving him of his chance for improvement. Curing the sick by faith does not interfere with the Divine plan, however, he thought, because the Divinity would not let the patient get well unless it would be good for him.

This giving of charity is one of the instances where he thought intelligence dangerous. Intelligence, even of a fairly low order, would say that it could do no harm to hand a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk to a hungry person. What would Father Antoin think of the billions being handed out in the United States for relief?

The founder of the cult was the youngest and tallest of eleven children of a Belgian coal miner and went to work early in the mines. The labor was too hard for him and often caused cramps. When these came upon him he would fall on his knees to pray loudly for strength and guidance. The strength did not come but he received guidance which caused him to take a less muscular job in an iron foundry.

When he was about twenty-four, he began delving in spiritualism, causing some of his friends to criticize him. Annoyed at this, he left his native town of Liege, Belgium, and wandered around for the next ten years, visiting Germany, Prague and Warsaw. During this decade he seems to have taken up nearly all the world's well-known cults, including theosophy, but still remained a Catholic, which is not quite according to logic. This calls attention to another peculiarity. He often said:

"I never quarrel with any faith. All faiths are equally good and the only real good in any of them is faith itself."

Returning from his travels, with the most impressive set of moustache, whiskers and beard in all Belgium, he was at once elected president of the Spiritualistic Association of Liege, and married a miner's daughter. There, due to his appearance and austere way he and his wife lived, shunning liquor, tobacco, coffee and meat, he attracted much attention.

He did not quarrel with the spiritualists but they quarreled with him because he seemed to be negecting the spirits to go in for strange sorts of healing. The ghosts resented this, so he stepped out and founded a cult of his own, the Antoinists. Anyone could come in and bring his religion with him, as long as on top of it he believed in Antoin and had faith that the founder could cure him of anything that ailed him.

As long as the healing was done by "laying on of hands" and prayer, Antoin's was all right whether he got results or not. If patients failed to improve that was for lack of faith or because the deity had other plans and there was no use complaining about that. But he also took to prescribing a vegetable diet and finally medicine. The prescriptions he wrote out were in the form of weird hieroglyphics which neither druggist nor anyone else could decipher. The druggists however, filled them because they knew that all he wanted was a mild tonic with iron in it.

Unfortunately, this was contrary to the law requiring that a person must have a license to practice medicine. Antoin was taken to court where the magistrate was astonished to find his court full of people eager to swear that they had been cured of every known deadly disease. The magistrate imposed a trifling fine but warned him to leave medicine to the regular doctors.

Antoin then invited the entire medical fraternity to go into partnership with him. They would contribute the science and the drugs and he would contribute the faith. This grand combination and monopoly of all methods of healing was frustrated by the doctors, who would have nothing to do with it.

That did not stop Antoin who now had given himself the title of Father. He went right ahead on faith alone and soon his followers were too numerous to have hands laid on them all. He therefore assembled them in crowds and waved his arms to the masses, which was supposed to have the same value, provided they had the requisite faith.

For home treatment, in place of the forbidden medicine, he discovered that he could "magnetize" ordinary paper by passing his hand over it. The believing patient would take this paper and when the pains came on he would cut off a strip, plunge it in a glass of water and gulp it down before the "magnetism" escaped. If the pains did not go away, that showed what an unbeliever he was.

His cures were not entirely among the poor and unschooled. The first Antoinist Temple in the little town of Jemeppe sur Meuse was largely paid for by the wealthy Liege family of Deregnancourt.

A boy in that family had the habit of becoming paralyzed every time his parents crossed him. The doctors said he was just a spoiled child, a malingerer, with nothing the matter except a bad temper and all he needed was a swift kick. That information did no good perhaps because the prescribed treatment was not given. One day someone persuaded them to let Antoin try and the two were left alone with the door closed. What Father Antoin did has never been revealed but presently, so it is reported, the "paralyzed" patient burst out the door, his hair on end and running like a deer. He not only was cured of the paralysis but became a model young man ever after.

The Antoinists have no faith in doctors. On the other hand the doctors have some faith, not much in faith healers. They agree that faith will sometimes cure diseases of the body that are caused by derangements of the mind such as shell shock. But it won't set a broken leg, cure a cancer or help an infection.

At present Father Antoin's authorized chief representative on earth is Brother Hosias, an elderly man with a keen eye that indicates an intelligence which he, no doubt, regrets. Also he has a rather moderate-sized pair of side whiskers. A visitor to a Sunday service at the temple at Jemeppe sur Meuse describes it as follows:

At ten o'clock I sit in the Temple of the Antoinists. It is crowded. Most of the men and women are dressed in the solemn black Sunday garb of the Antoinist sect. All of them have that peculiarly devout look which shows that they really believe this thing and each, on entering, remains for some moments in silent prayer. One who is in the know can tell from the length of the men's cloaks how long each has been a member and the amount of curl on the broad brim of his hat indicates his standing in the brotherhood."

An old man turning to the congregation makes the announcement: "Only those who believe will find satisfaction here." At this moment the main door at the back opens wide. In the black robes and with clasped hands another elderly man enters and walks his way to the chancel. Brother Hosias himself, the earthly representative of Father Antoin.

The Sunday service now conducted by Brother Hosias consists of three different parts. Putting himself into an "ecstatical trance," he begins with a silent prayer. The congregation stands for three whole minutes staring at his trembling lips and clutched hands. After that another Brother mounts the chancel and reads about that which Father Antoin, while still on this plane of existence dictated about the Goodness in Badness and the Badness in Goodness.

Brother Hosias listens to this with a singularly blank expression. He has heard those words a thousand times before and many paragraphs seem to be almost devoid of meaning—at least to the ordinary intelligence.

When the reading is finished numbers are called. The sick persons who have these numbers go each with one of the brothers to a cell. Here the priest goes into another trance-like prayer before a picture of the sainted Antoin, asking for a message on how to advise the patient.

Some of the advice is the same for almost all cases. The sick are told the well must not eat anything but vegetables, cutting out even butter, eggs and milk. At all times they must keep in mind and live by the tenets of the Antoinist cult which are:

1. Nobody is able to teach you anything about God. You have to find Him for yourself.

2. Respect everyone who is a believer, in anything.

3. Morals cannot be taught by words. Only your good example teaches others.

4. To help the poor is not goodness, but simply your duty in preference to yourself. Be careful, because you may thwart the divine purpose in causing this poverty.

5. Try to love your enemies. It is the only way to get acquainted with your own true self.

6. If your intelligence and your conscience are well-behaved you will be free of all suffering.

7. All suffering finds its origin in the overgrowing of intelligence over conscience.

8. Do not let your intelligence be your tyrant. It trips up conscience.

9. You find God if you recognize your true self.

10. Your conscience is your only guide.

The followers of Father Antoin do not claim that their faith-healing is in any way allied to miracles.

The body, they say, is but the reincarnation of the soul, and the diseases of the body they believe have been inflicted on humans to remind them of sins they have committed. Father Antoin repeatedly said his long experience had shown him that troubles of the spirit—of the mind and conscience—were very often accompanied by troubles of the body.

Father Antoin, the Belgian Faith Healer, Who Founded the Cult.

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Subway Interlude

by Wentworth Hale

A Public Relations Secretary Learns Something About His Own Relations and Acquires Another By Marriage. A Short Story Complete In This Issue.

MR. SIDNEY MAULTSBY was an under-secretary—quite a distance under, to be candid—of the Department of Public Relations of the Manhattan Rapid Transit Company

It was the aim of this department to improve public relations in the subway without improving the subway, which would have cost too much money Young Mr Maultsby, spurred on by the fact that his father was an officer and director of the company and that some day this togs, if you could call it that, might be draped around Sidney's capable half-back form, had started in to learn the subway business from the third rail up. He had elected to begin in the lower levels of the publicity, or as it was now more sonorously called, Public Relations Department

Sid, as his friends knew him in curt affection was a contributing editor of the company's bulletin-board house organ, Subway Sins, a one-sheet, three-by-three billboard affair which was pasted weekly in the four windows of each subway car nearest the door. Subway Sins—the allluring title was the idea of Sid, who said it was sexy enough to compete even with the tabloids—printed terse suggestions weekly as to what was and was not wrong-with-this-picture in the subway. It adjured the public to be courteous and sweet, to stop pushing and crowding, to quit bullying the subway guards and change-makers, to obey the law against smoking in the subways, to refrain from getting caught in the car doors after the train had started, and never—never—to jump from or fall off a platform in the path of an approaching train.

Sometimes Subway Sins waxed hygienic, and extolled the merits of taking ten deep breaths of fresh, pure, uptown or downtown air just before you entered the subway or after you had escaped from it. Or it panted in multiple terms of bacterial content the dangers of that horrendous word, saliva.

So much of this material, however, was written from the easy chairs of the Public Relations Department, and the columnists of captious newspapers poked so much dastardly fun at Subway Sins, that Sid's father himself ordered a change of tactics. He ordered Sid to get down among the innards of Manhattan Island, in person, to mingle with the demos and the ethnos, to see for himself whether these people who jostled and abused and mutilated each other during the Rush Hour were as bad as they were painted.

Mr. Maultsby Senior, it was said, had never been in the subway but twice, viz., when it was opened, in 1903, and when he fell through a loose sidewalk grating in 1918.

Mr. Maultsby Junior dutifully obeyed his orders, and began riding the subway seriously, as a business, looking around for ideas on how to improve public relations.

The best idea he found was Hazel Corliss, and his father didn't forgive himself for a long time after that for making Sid ride the subways

Hazel was a green and gold little soprano from Mississippi, in search of Carnegie Hall. She had a cute little voice like a mocking-bird mocking a dove, if you know what Sid meant, a drawling little voice bereft of final G's, that clung to its words caressingly as though loath to have them leave her lips

She wore, as Sid observed in the artificial light of Times Square Station, a coat of something pale green and a beret from which her blonde hair crept out in unstudied curls at each ear. Her eyes were big gray trusting things that Jesse James himself would never have taken advantage of.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but could you tell me how to get to Carnegie Hall?" And when Sid looked startled she added confidingly: "I've got to get there at ten o'clock for a music lesson, and I've asked six people and none of them seem to understand me, or I don't understand them."

She stopped, a little breathless

Now, one of the things that Subway Sins inveighed against with belligerent ardor was the sin of mashing in the subway—no gentleman or lady would be guilty of it, Volume XI, Number 56, had declared vehemently. But this was different It was something for the Public Relations Department itself to look into, personally

"Why, I'm going right there myself," said Sid in mendacious surprise. "I'll be glad to show you right where it is"

"Are you studying music, too?" queried Hazel fraternally

"Only the mighty symphony of the subway. I ride the darned thing all day long, and bathe in its cataracts of melody, soothed by its sharp turns and flat wheels. I thought that up," he added, grinning disarmingly, "for a paragraph in Subway Sins"

"What," questioned Hazel wonderingly, "are Subway Sins?"

Sid pointed out a copy in the car of the uptown express they entered. They should have taken an uptown local, for the express did not stop at Fifty-ninth Street, but, Sid was a bit fussed up. He was not in the least unresponsive to fresh charms like these. Moreover, he had one of his father's cars and a chauffeur planted at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, and he thought it would be much nicer for Hazel to ride down by motor from there to Carnegie Hall; it would give her self-confidence and vocal power Sound psychology, what?

That was the way Sid usually rode the subway, with imported car assistance. He scientifically observed the rush hour jam at seven to nine in the morning and five to seven in the afternoon, but he always took good care to do his subway riding in a direction opposite to that of the rush, riding back by motor. Quite a head on him, Sid had

He explained the diverting details of his job to Hazel, who wanted to know all about it. He was forced to get very close to her pink ear and fragrant hair as he talked, because of the incessant roar of the subway symphony.

"Well, why don't you make this suggestion, if you're looking for ideas?" proposed Hazel. "Put an information booth in every subway station to tell people how to get where they're going?"

"What's the use? Don't the guards and the men in the change booths do that?"

"Nuh-uh," said Hazel earnestly. "They don't a-tall. They're so busy and jumpy they just holler, 'Bloomety-bloomph, uptown,' or 'Bloomety-bloomph, downtown,' or 'Follow the Green Lights,' or 'Follow the Red Lights.' That just makes it all the more confusing. I followed lines this morning till I was seasick. I've been trying to get to Cahnegie Hall for an hour."

Sid laughed. "Poor little you! But we can't do anything about it, in this man's mighty city. Now tell me about Biloxi, Mississippi"

She told him about Biloxi with shining eyes. She said it was a lovely little place, all green and white, on the sea coast, and a real poet from Chicago lived there in the Winter time, and Jefferson Davis had lived there, and President Wilson had spent a vacation there, and Al Smith had played golf there, and her father had voted for Al Smith and thought he was a fine man, but she considered Franklin Roosevelt better looking. Her father was a lawyer (probably an honest one, thought Sid) who didn't have much money, and Hazel was going to have to get her a job in New York so she could stay on and keep paying fifteen dollars a lesson to Signor Scapanelli, who used to be a tenor for the Metropolitan. And, goodness-gracious-cutie-who-tied-yo'-tie! It was ten minutes to ten and they were climbing out of the subway at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street

"What you go take me way up here for?" demanded Hazel petulantly "Now I'll never get to my lesson"

"Well, you see—" Sid grinned engagingly—"the express got here quicker than a local could get to Fifty-ninth Street, especially since the local hadn't come yet. And you'd have had all that dangerous traffic to walk across at Columbus Circle Whereas, you see—"

He demonstrated a shining and lengthy, exotic and luxurious motor car, rounded out by a chauffeur in livery at attention

"Could you get this young lady to Carnegie Hall in ten minutes, Phil?" he inquired of he chauffeur

"Through the park, sir, it shouldn't take long."

"The car is at your disposal, Miss Corliss," said Sid.

"But—aren't you going?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Why, certainly.", she answered, puzzled. "Why not? It's perfectly proper, isn't it? I'd do the same for you in Mississippi, wouldn't I?"

"I suspect you would," murmured Sid admiringly

An ecstatic soprano cuddled up in the big back seat as they swept smoothly through Central Park. "Oh, goody!" she said gleefully. "I've just yearned to ride in this pahk"

"Horseback?" suggested Sid, deeply interested in this phase of public relations.

"Horseback, too. I ride all the time, at home."

"Then we'll have to ride here, too," he proposed, "some morning at the peak of the rush-hour"

"Goodness, you must have a lovely job," she evaded, "to be able to do things like that."

"It's all part of my job," he protested. "Don't you see how hard I'm working? I had orders to rub shoulders with people who ride the subway, to study their likes and dislikes, to enter into their joys and sorrows. Aren't you a subway patron?"

"Nuh-uh" Hazel shook her head gravely. "I never tried to ride the wretched thing till today. I like this better."

"Ah! You see! I am getting your viewpoint!"

"This is the craziest town," said Hazel, sighing happily. "Oh, I don't know," replied Sid enigmatically. And he gazed on her with accumulating wistfulness.

"They're so busy and jumpy they just holler 'Bloomety-bloomph, uptown,' or 'Follow the green lights,' or 'Follow the red lights,'" Said Hazel, Indignantly. "I followed lines until I was seasick."

Sid and the car and chauffeur were waiting outside Carnegie Hall an hour and ten minutes later when Hazel Corliss emerged, her music lesson completed. Sid had been chased away twice by policemen who objected to all-day parking at this point, but the car had circled the block and returned determinedly

"Goodness, you still here!" exclaimed Hazel.

"But certainly," said Sid, grinning. "We've got to have luncheon somewhere, haven't we? Why not together?"

"Oh, but I can't, really I can't. I've got an appointment to see about a job."

"Job? How utterly absurd Job—where?"

"At the Sheridan Theatre. A girl I know is an usher there, and she thinks she can get me in. It's the very thing for me—afternoons and evenings, see?—and I can have the mornings for my lessons and practice. You can take me home, though, if you will."

"Where? The further the better"

"Mrs Abernathy's Southern Home Boarding House, down near Gramercy Park. A lady from Texas, friend of my mother's, runs it. My appointment is half an hour now, but I could stop by there."

Sid took her home, mourning inwardly over the thought of Hazel having to ush.

That afternoon he outlined an extensive memorandum to the head of his department, suggesting as a means of improving public relations a system of information booths at all main subway stations. He knew it would be received and filed with a sympathetic smile and that would be the last of it—he was just the son of a vice-president around here—but it was an idea

He kept looking out of the window all afternoon as he toiled at it, and seeing instead of the office building across the way a wave-fretted Mississippi shore line, and in the background green grass and moss-whiskered liveoaks, and white houses and kind, friendly people, and Hazel Corliss on horseback, and a miserable dam' poet from Chicago riding with her

Sid had a bad case of public relations, the virulent type He tried to telephone Mrs. Abernathy's Southern Home Boarding House that night, but he had forgotten Mrs. Abernathy's name. No matter. It would give Phil something to do in the morning. Phil could comb the vicinity of Gramercy Park until he found it

Or, that failing, Phil could wait at Carnegie Hall all day Friday—her next lession was Friday, she had said—until she appeared Still, Friday was a long way off. Tomorrow was only Wednesday, and Sid was a man of action

His goodwill survey of the subway which hadn't been so hot up to now, became overnight an avocation of joy an uplifting and energizing pursuit. He chose the Fourteenth Street East Side station Wednesday because it was nearest Gramercy Park

Sid thought of a lot of good ideas He was full of freshly-churned enthusiasm. But most of his ideas could wait

The important question this morning was, why didn't Phil report? He had had plenty of time to find Mrs Abernathy's Southern Home Boarding House. Here it was nine-thirty already. Sid had been at work since seven and hadn't realized it!

Phil appeared at ten o'clock, grinning. "I found the place, sir," he reported. "It's on Twentieth Street."

"And Miss Corliss"? questioned Sid eagerly "Was she there?"

"She's in the car outside now, sir I told her you said the car was to be at her disposal for any little subway trips she might wish to make."

"Phil, you're a wizard' I'm going to give you a day off Or would you rather have my right eye or something?"

There was Hazel, all right enough Hazel of the gold-to-flaxen curls and big gray eyes, gay and lovely in the bright May sunshine. Her eyes, quoted Sid giddily to himself:

. were green and gray
Like an April day,
And lit into amethyst
When I stopped and kissed.
Would they be amethyst, sometime, for him?

"I'd give anything," she was telling him with mirthful chuckles, "if I didn't have this gimme-gimme personality of mine. I can't take up your chauffeur's time and use your car. I really can't. But I did want to come around and thank you. I'm swawfully grateful, I really am."

"You're grateful now?"

"So awfully, then, you dern old Yankee Don't you understand the King-and-Queen's English?"

Sid coaxed her into the front seat and took the wheel himself. You'll have to give me lessons in Mississippese."

"All right. But where's the nice chauffeur?"

"I sent him off to study the subway situation for me. Won't I do—Hazel? I've always loved that name."

"But aren't I being an awful nuisance, taking up your time like this? Don't you have to work?"

"Certainly. We'll drive by all the subway stations between here and Van Cortlandt Park, and think up ideas about how to improve the entrances."

Hazel couldn't go that far with him, and could not accept his renewed invitation for luncheon. She had an appointment at noon to go to the Sheridan Theatre and be coached for her job

"You got it, then?" said Sid glumly.

"Yes, and aren't you happy for me? The manager is swawfully nice. He said there was an old piano back under the stage, and I could come down and practice there, and holler all I please all morning I can't do that at the boarding house, see."

Sid had a feeling for the next hour that he was gorgeously intoxicated, and wanted to holler himself He relinquished Hazel at the theatre at noon, with deep reluctance He predicted he was coming around that night to see her ush

And he did, much to his alternate joy and pain. It was painful to see Hazel, dolled up in a pseudo-studio costume, conduct fat nobodies and skinny nonentities down the aisle of the picture palace Even though it was dark most of the time and Hazel had to use a flashlight you could see she wore little velvet knee pants and a jaunty little plush beret, and a blousy silk blouse under her jacket. And she was cute as nobody's business but you couldn't do anything about it but gnash your teeth and kick the inanimate footrest of the seat ahead of you

When the crowd had thinned out the ushers were permitted to sit down, and Hazel came over and sat beside Sid Maultsby, whispering. "Don't you think I did well? And everybody is so nice!"

"I want you," said Sid grimly, "to quit this job. I won't have it "

"You won't Hey, hey' Who were you bossin' round this time last year"'

"I won't have it" repeated Sid "You're not used to this sort of thing you didn't do it in the South. Southern girls of birth and breeding don't do—this kind of thing"

"Get offa that! In b ug-eyed bird," exclaimed Hazel, as loudly as she dared Here I come to New York and try to get emancipated and do as I dern well please, and the first nice man I meet starts preaching family and position to me! You've got it all wrong, Mistuh. Of course Southern girls work, if they have to You're thinking about Eighteen-eighty, not Nineteen-thirty-six

All right, we'll put it another way," said Sid commandingly. "I, personally, don't want you to keep this job."

You don't! Well, how do you think I'm going to get in the Metropolitan, if I don't work for it' I think you're mean to fuss at me like this And just when I was so happy over it "

The tremor in her voice brought his hand over to pat hers reassuringly, and then a still more conciliatory arm and around back of her to hug her tight The dim colored lights in the rear of the theatre made soothing, protective dusk

I m happy if you're happy " said Sid penitently. "That's all I want—you to be happy "

She squeezed his hand hard. "I won't go subway riding with you any more," she declared, "if you fuss at me any more Oh, gosh, oh, gosh, oh, gosh! They're playing Dixie"

Sid did not fuss at her any more

The weeks flitted by on the wings of a queer exaltation. He had thought, before, that time passed swiftly in New York, but now he was unconscious totally of time. There was no time to plan, to think of the future, there was time only for the odd ecstasy that he found in her nearness, a something more complete yet more elusive than anything he had called happiness before And Hazel, it was plain, was similarly moved

He saw her every day, once if not twice She rode the subway with him, for she insisted that he had to work, whether his father was vice-president or not She said she was learning the town, too, which would help her

She thought it was fun to roam in the catacombs under Times Square and Grand Central Station, thinking up ideas to improve public relations

'More and better exits" said Sid, who came back to earth occasionally, "that's an idea There's too much crowding on the stairways"

They encountered one exit that was a blind alley—construction of a new building had closed it. The disconsolate keeper of a small newsstand and confectionery shop in this passageway told them about it. He said he would have to go out of business because nobody came by his place any more.

"Poor man," said Hazel sympathetically. "I think the company ought to give him another place, don't you?"

"I'll recommend it," promised Sid, who was friendly to all mankind these days. "Now let's ride uptown and find Phil. I think we've worked enough for today, don't you?"

But this could not continue. Even the son of a vice-president cannot take forever on a goodwill survey of the subway. Word came to the senior Mr Maultsby, as word will come to fathers, that his son had been observed on three different occasions, out surveying Central Park by motor, during business hours, with a young lady. Sid found himself on the vice-presidential carpet

"Well," snapped the elder Maultsby, "who is the girl?"

(Continued on Page 20)

"You tell him yourself," Boomed Mr. Maultsby, Genially. "I'm going to get the idiotic young rascal now. You wait, I'm going to tell him to follow the yellow line and use his own judgment!"

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Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experienc

"YOU have no head; but a great heart," remarked the French judge to Lady Edmee Owen during her trial in Paris for shooting four bullets from her pistol into Madame Gastaud. Lady Owen had given herself soul and body to Dr. Gastaud, distinguished French physician, in whose sanitarium she had been taking treatment to reduce her weight. But when Lady Owen demanded that Dr. Gastaud divorce his wife and marry her, he refused and told her their romance must end.

Her Ladyship loaded her automatic, called at Dr. Gastaud's home, was prevented from entering by the doctor's assistant and the commotion brought Madame Gastaud to the door, who said:

"So you are Lady Owen! Well, I have something to say to you."

Lady Owen replied with the bullets which wounded but did not kill her victim. Edmee was sentenced to five years' imprisonment but with her wealth and influence secured a pardon after serving a little more than half the time. She was the attractive young widow of Sir Theodore Owen, a rich English rubber planter, much older than herself, who left her his fortune in addition to the $1,000,000 worth of jewelry he had bestowed on her.

During those years in prison Lady Owen's "great heart" was stirred by the misery of her women companions behind the bars and her many kindnesses to them were appreciated by their friends, relatives and sweethearts of the criminal world of Paris. Lady Owen relates in these pages the strange circumstances of her welcome to the Underworld and describes her fantastic initiation into their secrets in an underground Apache den and also narrates many extraordinary experiences among her cutthroat acquaintances in their criminal resorts. She says:

"From that moment, wherever I went, I was safe with them. There is no den of the Underworld in Paris where I am not an equal. I am—if I wish it—one of them, inviolate. I am safer with them in Paris today in their strange haunts than I am in any great hotel of Europe."

Probably no other woman of wealth and title can boast this sinister honor.

Lady Owen and Dog Visiting a Friend in an Underworld Resort in Barcelona, Spain.

One of the Streets in the Slums of Barcelona, Where Crime, Poverty and Vice Fester.

"Cheek to cheek they danced in the manner of t they dance with their own; their bodies press I saw his right arm loosen its hold for a mom dense fog of tobacco smoke and the dim light of steel and heard the thud as, still dancing, h the hilt in her heart."

By LADY EDMEE OWEN.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

AS MY friends in the Underworld of Paris provided me with letters of introduction when I visited Marseilles so, also, they saw to it that I was able to meet the influential personages of the criminal world of Barcelona when I arrived at that notorious Spanish city.

Barcelona must rank, I think, with the world's lowest cities. I have thought that of many places I have visited. I have said it before and I shall say it again. And it is true every time. It is true because each is worse than the other in some particular attribute, and as bad as the other in all other respects.

Some of the greatest Apaches in the world are to be found in Barcelona: as great as any you will find in Paris. And of course the code prevails. But it is a different code from that of Paris. It has not penetrated here to the lower strata as it has there. That great camaraderie of common suffering does not unite them in Barcelona as it does in Paris, into one great family without distinction of class or creed, where all are brothers and the sufferings of one are the burden of all. Among the better inhabitants of the Underworld here the code is sacred. But there are few, comparatively, in that select fraternity. For the rest, sordidness and squalor go hand in hand with rampant vice. A man's life is hardly safe. These people will rob one another with all the pride of achievement with which the Paris Apache robs only those who are better off than he. They will cut a man's throat with as little compunction as I will decapitate a boiled egg. They will give one another away if by so doing they can gain any little good for themselves. They are cowards, liars, and suborners.

And yet in all the memories of the low haunts of Barcelona, two stand out as things in themselves worthy of admiration for the courage they called forth. Courage, I think, is always to be admired for itself, irrespective of the occasion that it calls forth. I do not mean that if I saw a man walk to the scaffold smiling, I should admire it. It might be braggadocio. But a sustained effort against odds, however unholy the cause may be which evokes it, is, to my mind, admirable.

Strangely enough, the occasion on which I saw this particular incident which has left an impression on my memory occurred on one of my first visits to the lower parts of Barcelona. It was unfortunate, in a way, because the incident was almost isolated. The more I searched for others, the more I saw of unredeemed malignity.

It was in a low cafe, I remember—just an underground cellar connecting with the street by a short flight of blue brick steps. A few tables here and there round the sides, a few lurid pictures on the distempered walls, in one corner a gramophone playing whenever anyone chose to turn it on. At the bar one could get drinks to one's fancy, but with a rare unanimity, everyone seemed to drink "anis," a heady insidious poison distilled from aniseed, which is, in the Underworld of Barcelona, what absinthe is to the Underworld of Paris.

It was a small cellar, I remember. Yet there was an atmosphere about it. I was told that it was, perhaps, the most famous—notorious would have been a better word—bistro in Barcelona. Here you could always find two extremes. The lowest drifted to it automatically: the better class went there, I think, out of curiosity. At that time it was "the thing" to go there among criminals of the Underworld dives. So I went.

"But," said my escort, "we go armed."

He in the pocket of his coat, I in my handbag, carried a little automatic, loaded.

We didn't dance. We sat at a table and drank anis. He knew many there, and pointed them out to me—a pickpocket, a safe cracker, a famous procuress possibly on the look-out for new clientele though more probably for new girls.

One or two sightseers of the other world drifted in—and out again quickly: sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes in little parties. But always, when they left, some figure or other, man or woman, sometimes both, would leave their tables, or the bar, or the dancing, and would slink out after them. Yet no one had seemed even to look up when these strangers appeared.

The pickpocket of the Barcelona Underworld has carried the science of eavesdropping and spying to a fine art. One can never guess how much he has learned in one of those lightning glances he will shoot from underneath the low-pulled peak of his cap. They are so secret, so swift, so almost impossible to detect. Yet he learns so much in them. It is practice. In one of these split second flashes he will learn more about a man or a woman than you and I will learn in a steady stare of two minutes.

He will tell you where a man carries his note case, when you and I cannot see if he has one at all. He will know whether his watch chain is easily broken and his watch worth taking, whether the man is a dangerous or an easy customer to tackle, and a host of other things. They will bet against each other on the "value" of a victim, and the secret telegraphy by which they decide which of them is to do the job is uncanny. There never seems to be two or three of them marking down the same quarry.

These men and women on that night were only out a few minutes before they returned. The operation, for the victims, must have been very painless and rapid. Yet the hauls were not at all bad. When they brought them back, they showed them round quite openly. There was no secret. Their friends greeted them and asked how they had got on, and they would go back to their tables, and proceed to turn out their hauls for general inspection. It was a little angel-faced girl who had the best—a gold cigarette-case, and cigarette lighter, and wallet with a few notes in it and some travelers' checks. She was quite interested in these. They were the first she had seen, but she was bitterly disappointed when she learned their value but that they were valueless to her.

There were many types in the room. Presently my escort pointed out three women sitting in different parts of the room—two at one table and one at another.

"Donneuses," he whispered.

A donneuse is a woman spying for the police—one who gives her pals away to them. Barcelona is full of them. I can conceive no trade more low than to get into the confidences of these people—as these donneuses do—and then report to the police all they have learned. They live in the cafes of Barcelona: and the hunting ground is a rich one. It is said that one day when one of these donneuses carried her tale to the Barcelona police and they in turn were able to report that a man for whom the French police were looking was a frequenter of such a cafe, that the detectives from the Surete found no fewer than ten wanted persons on the premises when they made the raid.

A few minutes later yet two more donneuses strolled in—singly. At least I suspected that they were, for I saw the look that passed between them and the others there. But my friend knew otherwise.

"Men," he said, "of the secret service dressed as women. There is something afoot. Shall we go? I don't want to be mixed up in it. God knows what may break loose. There may be shooting."

But it seemed a shame to miss it. I wanted to know how the police worked—if indeed there was to be a raid. We stopped. He pointed out more characters.

Someone stopped the gramophone and sang to the accompaniment of an accordion. A poor effort. Then the player struck up a dance tune. From somewhere a violin was procured; a mandolin player strolled in. The trio played dance music for the rest of the evening. It seemed one of the most uneventful evenings I had spent in Barcelona.

Then, without word or warning, the trouble began. One man accused another of levity to his woman. Only the prompt act of the proprietor prevented trouble. Vaulting over the bar and bouncing on the two disputants like a young avalanche, he had them both by the collars, half picking them up, half dragging them, flung them out of the cellar at the foot of the stairs leading to the alley above, and drove them off with a hearty kick.

A great man, Boniface! Of course, it wasn't his name. But it fitted him, so. He looked English—and wasn't. He looked a drinker—and wasn't. He had a huge rubicund smiling face, merry twinkling eyes, a bullet head with hair cut short like a German soldier, an enormous neck, a red-knitted waist-coat, a huge white apron over his portly stomach, and fat hands like hams. He was six feet two inches tall, always laughing, but a devil in a fight.

He came back brushing his hands together as though to knock the filth off them.

"Swine," he said. "I won't have trouble here."

The dancing went on. The trouble had blown over. We had forgotten it when a shriek and a resounding slap made us jerk round. Some woman had smacked a man's face. I wanted to get nearer to learn the details, but my escort stopped me.

"It is her own man," he said. "Stay here. This is the real trouble. She has been unfaithful. Her lover is here. Now her own man has found her out."

But even this trouble seemed to blow over, for the dance trio struck up again, and woman and man whirled away in each other's arms. There was a new interest in watching them now.

I thought, once, I arrested a mutual glance from the dancing woman to her lover at a far table, and wondered how her own man with whom she was dancing, had failed to intercept it. A few moments later I saw another. Then I knew I had been right.

This time her own man saw it too. Cheek to cheek they danced in the manner of these people when they dance with their own, their bodies pressed close together. I saw his right arm loosen its hold for a moment. Even in the dense fog of tobacco smoke and the dim light I saw the gleam of steel and heard the thud as still dancing he buried it up to the hilt in her heart.

I shrieked. But if my shriek was heard, it went unnoticed. The man was actually striking when the police raid occurred. It was for that, I suppose, that they thought I had cried out. But it wasn't. I was so mesmerized by the drama I was watching that I didn't even know the raid was on.

Only my escort took any notice of me. It aroused him from his concentration.

"Hush!" he said. "Be quiet on your life. Don't attract attention. They only want one man and they have him. Look at your two donneuses now."

"To hell with your donneuses," I snapped. "There's murder done over there."

It was his turn to look startled. Each of us had been so intent on one drama that neither o

es in the Underworld

Initiated by a Barbarous Blood Ceremonial Into Their Secrets in an Underground Apache Den in Paris, This Young Woman of Wealth and Title Is Welcomed as a Sister and Writes of Sights the Police Never See

hese people when d close together. ent. Even in the I saw the gleam te buried it up to

A Young Girl at the Corner of Mediodia Street, Barcelona, Making Her Bargain.

Scene in a Barrio Chino Resort in the Barcelona Slums.

This Forlorn Old Woman Squatted on the Sidewalk as Not a Woman at All, It Is a Detective in Disguise Watching a House Across the Street.

us had seen that of the other—he on the police raid, I on the dancers.

"Be quiet," he almost hissed at me. "For God's sake be quiet," and his hand gripped my arm as in a vise.

I looked in the corner he had indicated. The two donneuses were escorting their captive unobtrusively between the tables towards the door. There was no doubt now about their being men. Their great hands showed as they gripped their man, and the strength with which they held him was not the strength of women.

At that moment the door opened and a dozen police crowded through the doorway and into the room.

It takes long to tell. But in point of time all these things had happened simultaneously. Even before I had shrieked the two donneuses had been on the move with their man. It was still not a second since the dancer had struck the dagger into his woman's heart. The dance was still on. No one had yet had time to realize that anything was happening. Only to me did that second seem an hour.

The instrumentalists were still playing. I heard them vaguely as in a dream. Even while I was watching the two disguised policemen with their man I had not lost sight of the dancer and his woman.

The thought flashed through my mind, "What will he do now? They have caught him, red-handed." I expected to see the woman drop to the floor and the man turn and try to bolt through the force of police. Instead I saw him slip his arm still further round her waist, and gather the falling body still closer to him. He slightly turned his body and hid beneath his arm the still protruding knife. He moved round in time with the music. He jerked her slightly so that her head, instead of falling backwards, fell forward on his shoulder, and I watched him, fascinated with the ice-cold courage of it all, as he lowered his own head as though bending it to hers. I saw his lips move as if he were whispering in her ear. And he smiled at her.

His strength must have been enormous for those few moments. Her feet dragged slightly. Her body swayed less. But he was a consummate dancer. It was the only difference he betrayed.

The police had thoughts for none but the murderer they had gone there to catch. The two masquerading as women had their man half-way across the room before the other dozen had entered it. The dancing man with the dying woman in his arms waltzed her right through the advancing posse of police who actually side-stepped to let him through.

The arrested man was handcuffed in the doorway and hustled outside alive. The officer in charge stayed one second to glance round the room. He saluted Boniface. "Without trouble, you see," he said. "And I expected a killing tonight. It is as well." A flourish of the hand and he was gone.

The dancer and his woman reached the far end of the room. He guided her to a chair; seated her in it, looked carefully at his clothes, walked across the room to the bar and ordered two glasses of anis. One he placed in front of the woman in the chair. The other he drank. So he sat for three minutes—eternities it seemed to my horrified mind as I drank in every awful detail of this Grand Guignol act. Then getting up he again left her. He crossed to the bar, chatted there for a minute and left.

The woman sat motionless. I watched, fascinated.

"Do you see a corpse?" said my friend. "You look as if you do."

"Perhaps I do," I replied.

I had to explain. Even my shriek had not brought full realization to him. Now, as I told him as coherently as I could what I had seen, he jumped up.

"Impossible," he said. But he rushed to the table where the woman sat leaning in the corner where her man had placed her.

He grabbed her by the shoulder, and loosing her, staggered back. She pitched headlong to the ground. The knife handle hit the floor with a sharp rap. When he picked her up she had already been dead some minutes.

If the Marseilles police use women decoys and hotel proprietresses as donneuses, what shall be said of these Barcelona police? Here the system is brought to a fine art. Even the cafe proprietors seem to be in league with the police, ready to give their customers away whenever it means a profit for themselves. It seems incredible that any criminal can survive five minutes in such an espionage.

Thin, false walls, through which every word is easily heard, are a commonplace. Police agents will hide behind them. Agents provocateurs will be employed to glean secrets from the Underworld. Half the crimes—nine-tenths of the crimes—in Barcelona are hatched in these cafes. And still the frequenters of them carry on in their old happy-go-lucky way. It is strange how callous to police presence these people can become. I got quite a shock, the first time I experienced one for myself, even though I had often heard of them.

"Don't sit by a wall unless you know it's an outside one," a friend had told me. "At least unless you want to be blackmailed."

For the police are not the only ones who know of these thin partitions and who make full use of their possibilities.

On this particular evening I was sipping coffee—it's good coffee they make in these Barcelona dens, and so much safer to drink than their wines—cosily ensconced in a corner, and leaning against the two walls. Two men and another woman were in the party. The cafe was empty but for ourselves, and we were talking about a coming bull-fight when I heard a soft "click" behind my left side.

Before I could turn round to see what had happened, a voice said: "Do you mind moving?"

It was so simple. A picture had slid along an inch or two. A panel in the wall had opened. I looked through. Three policemen, all armed, were there. They had heard every word we had said. And they told us the story.

It seemed that a big robbery was being planned. They knew the trio—two men and a woman—who were to carry it out. They expected them at that cafe that evening and we were in their favorite seats.

We moved. But we did not leave the cafe. We stuck ourselves at a table in the center of the room and waited developments.

The cafe had filled up a little when a woman entered. Someone else was in the corner. She waited till he had gone and the instant it was vacant moved over to it.

A few minutes later a man left his table and joined her. Presently a second man joined them. For an hour they stayed there talking quietly, but obviously discussing something important. Frequently they drew things on a piece of paper. A plan, I thought. Once or twice I fancied I saw the picture on the wall move. It may have been imagination. No one else seemed to notice it. In the end the trio drifted away, one by one.

A week later they were caught. The same day I encountered one of the three policemen in the street. He stopped me. It was that night, he told me, that they had learned for certain their full plans.

It was a donneuse who had first given them away. The police wanted her to continue to learn their secrets. But she was frightened, so they took up the investigation themselves.

The woman had good reason to be frightened. The Underworld has no punishment too terrible for the donneuse. In Barcelona they think death too good for them. So their inventive malignity has hit upon a still more ghastly expedient.

There is today in Barcelona a woman whose eyes have been burned out with vitriol. She was a donneuse. She is a living reminder to others who may follow her example of the vengeance of the Underworld.

Judged by their standards, her crime was a particularly brutal one. She had informed the police of the hiding place of a man who, to get food for his wife and newborn baby, had robbed a shop. He had been caught in the act. The shopkeeper had struggled with him. He had been shot dead, whether accidentally or deliberately, who shall say? The Underworld, true to its sentimental morality, had hidden the man. The police were without a clue. And it was the paid woman who had come forward to succeed where they had failed.

For months the police had kept her out of reach of the Underworld. But at length she had returned. The Underworld wasted no time. On the first night she was kidnaped in the open street. She was taken to a warehouse, blindfolded and gagged. There she was "tried." Her captors wore black hoods over their heads and black clothes. Not a word was spoken. A slate, written on by blood-red chalk, was used to communicate her fate. Seven men held her imprisoned, incapable of moving, on the ground. An eighth took a bottle of vitriol and, drop by drop, from a pipette, dripped the liquid on her eyes till sight had gone and in place of the eyeball two hollow sockets remained.

She was unconscious long before they had finished. Still without speaking they had gone away and left her. That night the police received a strange message by telephone. It led them to the warehouse.

"You see," said the woman who told me the story, "apparently they didn't want to kill la donneuse, and they thought she might die if a doctor didn't get to her soon. If they had killed her, or if she had gone mad, their lesson would have been lost. But the living example of their vengeance frightened many donneuses for a long time."

But the most interesting woman in Barcelona when I was there was the Woman with the Cloak of Gold. Who she was, what she was, where she came from, no one knew. I certainly don't. My effort to find out was the completest failure of my life. I spent weeks trying to unearth her secret, and I am no nearer knowing it now than when I began. I have followed her for miles in a car, driving far out into the country, and always in the end she brought me back to the slums of Barcelona and there gave me the slip. Once she did a disappearing act. I had hired a private detective to drive me—as a permanency—on her trail. We drove forty-seven miles out and back after her one afternoon and we kept her car in sight all the time—at least I thought so. At last her car drew up outside a fine mansion in one of the chief residential streets. My own car was only a few yards behind. I was out on the pavement almost as soon as her car had stopped. And when I looked inside there

(Continued on Page 18)

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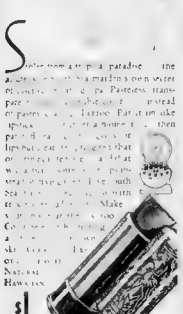

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Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

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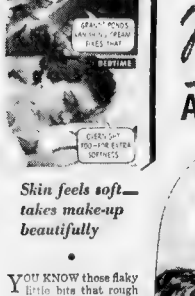

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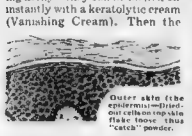
YOU KNOW those flaky little bits that rough up your skin?—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers!

They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off. On the very, very top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin's way of throwing off old dead cells.

"Then how can my skin ever come smooth?"

You can *melt away* those powder catchers the second you see them! A leading dermatologist tells what happens when you do this:

"Although cells on surface skin are constantly drying out, becoming horny—they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the skin so quickly!



young, supple cells beneath come into view and the skin, as a whole, has the smoothness of a child's."

Within your reach

Anybody can do this herself with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It actually has that special keratolytic property which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths

Touch it to your face. There and then you feel every single roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Now apply powder—it can't "catch" on a skin like this!

For a smooth make-up - Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catching roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly . . . and stays just-so until you remove it.

Overnight for lasting softness— Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy—nothing smears the pillowcase. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer.

Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today. Smooth *your* skin!

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Lady Edmee Owen's Experiences in the Underworld

(Continued from Double Page)

was only the man I had sent her collect to enjoy the drive with her.

All sorts of stories circulated about her. There may have been truth in them or they may have been just these fantastic explanations which fanciful natures weave to satisfy their own curiosity for truth. I don't know. All I know is that the Woman of the Cloak of Gold bought love.

She was a beautiful woman, tall of well-moulded figure. Her eyes were black. Her hair was Titian red naturally and always perfectly waved and in place. Her lips were full and the shapeliness of her face and mouth relieved the masculinity which otherwise would have spoiled her. She spoke in a soft and cultured voice and in all the time I saw her, I never heard her say an uncharitable thing. She seemed rather to be going through the world seeing what good she can do, and what pleasure her gifts of her passing, she could leave behind.

There was no one in Barcelona, I suppose, who did not know her night evening frock, with its single-strand diamond clasp fastening the span silk and gold girdle that encircled her waist. She never wore a hat. Her shoes were red. Her frocks always of the same pattern. To the unobservant it must have seemed that she had but one dress and that it never wore out. Over it she wore her cloak of gold. She was worshiped in the Underworld. The Woman of the Cloak of Gold was the name by which she was generally known. La Madrona some called her. How long they had known her when I was there I cannot say.

"Oh, years," was all the answer I could get, and the term is relative. For she was still young, not more than thirty, I guessed.

There were few nights when she was not in some low cafe or other. Often she did the rounds." She knew everybody. But she spoke or not to them as her fancy or her plan dictated. She would chat with you one day and ignore you the next as though you were the completest stranger.

Always she had money. She came out nightly with several gold pieces in her purse. She would go into a cafe, look round, remain there five minutes, perhaps less, and then disappear without speaking to anyone. Or she might take her money, and still without speaking, fling it broadcast and watch them scramble for it.

People said she was searching for a lost lover. They explained her dress on that account. It was how he had loved her most—scarlet silk and a cloak of woven gold. And one night, so they said, he did not arrive. Nor the next night nor the night after. And so she sought him in his Underworld haunts where he lived. She was still searching.

Many a poor half-starved wretch of the Underworld of Barcelona has to thank the Woman of the Cloak of Gold for her generosity. Particularly if they were new there. No one knew for certain that these men were her lovers. But so it was generally believed.

Why should she choose the poorest of the Underworld? Why people of the Underworld at all? The fact is that it is what she did. It is useless to speculate.

She would go into a cafe and chat with her friends. If she saw a newcomer she would go up to him and speak. If he were down and out, starving for food and love, she seemed the more pleased. She would feed him. She would take him away. Generally a car was waiting near. In the car the man was blindfolded. While the curious ran out to follow as I did - the chase led miles into the country. The Underworld had given up that pastime when I was there.

The man would be returned next day, perhaps two or three days later. Always he was well dressed then and bathed, always he had money in his pocket. And never would he break the confidence of the Woman of the Cloak of Gold and give one hint of where he had been or what experience he had had.

Driven nearly to desperation by the riddle, I laid a plot. A friend of mine posed as a down and out of the Underworld of Barcelona. For weeks he frequented the lower haunts, not even returning home once during that time, as I told him, if the secret was to be learned, we could take no risks. I saw him there, but never acknowledged him.

At last the Woman with the Cloak of Gold spoke to him. They ate together. He left the cafe with her. In the car he was blindfolded. He returned four days later. His rags had been discarded for a well-fitting suit she had bought him. His underclothes were good. Gold was in his pocket.

"Well?" I asked him.

He replied: "I cannot tell you, Edmee. Call me what you like, say I have let you down if you choose. She is as beautiful as she looks, and not even for your friendship would I give her away."

Nor would he ever speak of it again. A peculiar thing about it was that she would never take the same man twice.

There were days when she would not choose to take a man. On these nights she strewed the path behind her with grateful hearts. For she never went away with money in her purse. Early in the evening, till the early hours of the morning, one could find her, always, apparently searching for that elusive something she never found; always trying to leave happiness behind her.

Unless she finds what she seeks, she will die a mystery, and perhaps the truth of her will never be known.

(Continued on Page 22)

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Sweet Shots by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 16)

Sarah Mallow used her throaty voice very little, and her handsome, bold eyes kept straying toward her husband. Linklater alternated between silent dejection and a sort of pompous petulance.

Vane teased the man when he dared, with little, biting shafts that were softly said. Yet they seemed meant to flick and rouse rather than to wound. He teased Mrs. Mallow more subtly, leaving her blank. He teased Celia and made her laugh, and he walked wide of Mallow. Garrett summed him up as unlicked, interesting and intensely alive, with great possibilities when he grew up and a curious wild streak that might wreck him.

There was an undercurrent of nervous tension at the table, revealing itself in jerky movements and sentences left unfinished. It seemed to affect everyone except Vane. There were other hidden currents more difficult to analyze. Garrett attributed them to the strain on these people of being shut up together for months, for they seemed to have little in common.

Afterwards he thought of that breakfast as a muted overture to the grim drama that followed.

Toward the end of the meal Linklater complained that the mist had rusted his watch. Osterhout was comforting.

"Mallow is going into town," he said, "to check up on last night's experiment. He can take it in and have it cleaned."

Linklater subsided. Garrett felt called upon to make his position clear. He turned to Osterhout.

"I ought to go too, and not wear out my welcome," he smiled, "but it's a hired boat and I don't like to leave it. If there's any wood about, I think I can patch up a rudder."

"I'll show you where to find some after breakfast," replied his host, "but you might as well stay a few days."

"Thanks," said Garrett. "How do you reach the mainland? Is there a vessel that stops here?"

"No," said Osterhout soberly. "We have a power-boat."

Garrett felt Celia's hostile eyes and went on with his questions just to annoy her.

"How in the world do you get it through the kelp?"

There was a very slight stiffening around the table. At first Garrett thought it was due to his probing question. Then he noticed that Mallow was sitting perfectly still, and that his knuckles were white. His face glistened pallidly. Mrs. Mallow turned her head. Garrett received the full impact of her eyes for an instant. They were blazing with rage. She dropped them at once and started to play with her fork.

Osterhout intervened, a nervous edge to his voice.

"The ocean bed shelves in a deep cut off the beach," he explained quickly. "The kelp is thinner there. We speed up, throw out the clutch and drive through without the screw. I'll show you where it is before you leave. I don't imagine you'll need to raise your centerboard—" He talked on as if to fill the awkward pause.

"Thanks," said Garrett. "Well, it looks like a fine day—after the mist." He tried to sound genial and blatant.

Celia excused herself pointedly and rose. Vane got up at once. They left the room together, ignored by the rest.

Linklater had turned in his chair and sat with his prominent eyes fixed on Garrett's profile.

"Come along, Andy, if you've finished," said Osterhout, rising. "We'll have our constitutional—"

Linklater got up and followed him out vaguely.

Left with the Mallows, who had almost finished their breakfast, Garrett asked permission to smoke. Mrs. Mallow gave it politely enough, but paid no further attention to him. He made three attempts at conversation. When they failed, Garrett crushed out his cigarette and excused himself.

Leaving his case on the table was an old dodge, but he was interested in the Mallows. He reopened the door. They had left their chairs and stood face to face near the window. Mallow was talking so quietly that Garrett could not hear even a word. Before they noticed him, however, he did see something of their domestic relations.

As Mallow finished speaking, his wife reached out and stroked his cheek with her large, moist hand. Taken off guard, Mallow recoiled almost violently. He was facing the light and Garrett saw a curious, glazed look in his eyes for an instant.

The woman caught her breath and laughed angrily, but the sound was full of pain.

When they turned together and saw him, Garrett was looking elsewhere. He seemed to notice them as he approached the table. Catching up his cigarette case with a smile he went out again. He could almost feel their eyes on his back.

Osterhout was marching around the court with Linklater, a captive and lumbering beside him. He let the stout doctor escape when Garrett strolled forward.

"Want a look at that wood?" he inquired briefly.

"And a word with you about my boat," smiled Garrett.

Linklater ambled away with an air of relief.

The court was full of slanting sunshine now, and bright blue glints where last night's moisture reflected the sky. There were no other people in sight, but plenty of open windows.

"Where is the wood?" asked Garrett, knowing quite well.

"Out back of my workshop. Come and I'll show you."

They left the court by way of the passage and walked around the house. Garrett noticed that the little window in the end of the rear wing was too high for anyone to look in it. He glanced away northward. There was no peak of land in that direction high enough for a downward slanting view into the workshop, or a shot at anyone in there. Last night's bullet had been a threat or a message, not an attempt at murder.

Osterhout showed him the two primitive outhouses some distance away. The one for men was situated much nearer the guard hut. Probably Brason had not given it as an excuse for his nocturnal wanderings because it lay on the other side of the house. He could have reached it much more directly by going through the kitchen.

They had arrived at the stack of boxes and barrels into which Garrett had almost blundered last night. He walked around it looking for suitable thick wood for his rudder, and spoke to Osterhout in a low voice.

"What was that business just now about the kelp?"

Mallow stumbled and fell out of the power-boat some months ago. He got tangled in the kelp and was almost drowned before Dan could pull him out. Instead of being afraid of the water, it's left him with a queer dread of the kelp. We all know it and avoid the subject."

"His wife," said Garrett, "has very ugly hands."

Osterhout looked at him sharply. "You're a noticing young man. Those yellow-brown fingers of hers with their big knuckles do look like kelp! I wonder. They haven't seemed very happy together of late. The isolation and the mist do queer things to people. It's almost an obsession with Mallow."

"You mean the kelp — or his wife's hands?"

"Both, perhaps," said Osterhout after a pause.

"That's tough on her. She seems very fond of him."

"That's a mild word. She's mad about him—and madly jealous, though she doesn't show it much."

"Of Celia—Miss Camray?"

"Who else?" said Osterhout shortly. "Found anything?"

"This'll do." Garrett smiled, hoisting a box on his shoulder. "Why did you say Mallow was landing today?"

"He's to deliver a lecture tonight on radio—and in the meantime, check up on my flares. Also, we've planned an experiment. What are you going to do about that rifle?"

"I'll be watching tonight. You can stay in the workshop while I prowl around, if you will."

"All right. What's that box for?"

"Camouflage if I happen to need it."

Osterhout stared and then yawned. "Oh, yes. Well, I'm going to bed before that coffee starts waking me up."

"One thing more," said Garrett.

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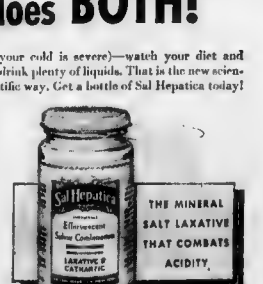

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Harry E. Wilken, Sr.

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Me and the boys are up to our knees in your letters asking for free copies of our *Wilken Family Home Cooking Album* —not to speak of your orders for our Family's Whiskey

THANK you everybody—thank you! I never laid eyes on such a stack of mail bags in my life—and every one of them plumb full of just thousands and thousands of letters showing your interest and excitement concerning The Wilken Family's home recipes!

Most ordinarily our little post office used to get in just a couple of armfuls or so of mail in a day—but since word got around regarding our free cooking album and our Family's Whiskey, they got something like two dozen extra fellows and girls down there giving them a hand.

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Well, I've always felt that way myself, relating to an honest to goodness family recipe—there's nothing else can come up to it, or that comes anywheres near being so tasty.

Take the Wilken Family Whiskey—that special tastiness just couldn't be, without me having spent my whole lifetime in distilling, picking up this and that, and everything that goes to making a whiskey mellow-tasting, and easy sliding on your throat—and real smooth and mild.

On account of your being so excited regarding this Family's Whiskey of ours—and by reason of folks acting so joyful at getting the same whiskey as we old-time distillers enjoy amongst ourselves—I kind of fancied maybe you'd like it if I was to set right down here a promise that me and the boys are going to keep till the day we die. I'm speaking for myself and the boys when I promise you that you can count on us seeing to it that the quality of our Family's Whiskey is going to stay put—with all that mildness and tastiness in each and every bottle: yesterday, today and tomorrow.

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SUBWAY INTERLUDE

A Public Relations Secretary Learns Something About His Own Relations and Acquires Another by Marriage.

By Wentworth Hale

(Continued from Page 13)

Corliss is her name. Is Hazel Corliss.

Never heard of her. Who's she?

She's from the South, from Mississippi.

Ah. One of these soft-spoken Southerners, eh? Where did you meet her?

I don't want to tell you a thing about her sir," said Sid, suffering. "But you have met her and judged for yourself. I just asked Mother to invite her to dinner. I want you to know her."

How serious is this son?

It's pretty far serious, dad. I wouldn't fool you."

Very well," said Mr Maultsby grimly. I shall say nothing further until I have seen the girl. This fateful inspection was to eventuate on the following Tuesday evening at the Maultsby's home in the East Seventies. But it did not come to pass. Something happened.

"I think I can get off Tuesday night," said Hazel speculatively. "I'll swap nights-off with one of the girls."

"Good," exclaimed Sid, and paused. "But listen dear. You won't say anything about that - to mother and father?"

She was a bit startled. "Why -why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. They wouldn't understand. It's so hard to explain. I'll tell them about it later, of course. But I want them to get their first impression of you, yourself—it's what you are that matters, not what you do."

They were driving through Central Park again. Sid didn't care now somehow, whether people saw them or not. Everything was going to be all right. But his complacence was rudely shattered. The girl turned on him with tear-filled eyes.

"I know what you mean," she faltered. "You mean you're ashamed of me that's what you mean."

He was instantly contrite, but it came to him in one dismayed moment that he was too late. "It's not it's not!" he cried. "It's not what I mean at all. Please please honey —"

But Hazel had withdrawn her hand from his.

"I want to go home, Phil," she called to the chauffeur.

You're not going home," said Sid frantically. "You're going to let me apologize, if I've said anything to hurt you. Oh, Hazel—sweetheart —"

Don't call me, sweetheart," said Hazel defiantly. "I'm not your sweetheart. I knew it would come to this in the end." She was sobbing again. "I just knew I shouldn't ever let you be—be nice to me—when we weren't even introduced."

Oh honey, honey, let me——"

No. I'll explain for you. It's clear enough — everything is clear. You're right. Your father and mother wouldn't want you to go with a girl who ushers in a picture show, a girl you p-picked up in the subway—that's what your mama and papa will say!"

"Stop it! Stop it! You haven't anything right——"

"But I don't care what they say. I don't want them to like me. I didn't come to New York to be introduced into society. Dad-damn it, I came to New York to work! And when I get in the Met-Met-Metropolitan, you'll be s-sorry!"

"I'm sorry now!" exclaimed Sid chokingly.

When she swore, she swore with a quaint little wail that brought tears to Sid's eyes, too. But all his pleadings and coaxings were unavailable. Phil drove her home.

She left the car without a word of farewell. It would be all right. Sid consoled himself unconvincingly. She would pout it out. He would send her flowers and candy and call her up tomorrow. Women were that way.

But when he called her up tomorrow there was no Hazel at Mrs Abernathy's Southern Home Boarding House. She had left no forwarding address. Was this Mr Maultsby? Well, she had left on the hall table downstairs a large box that looked like flowers and a small box that might be candy, both inscribed, "Mr. Sidney Maultsby. Will call."

That sobered Sid. He thought of the theatre. She would be there tonight, of course, and he could fix things up with her.

But she was not at the theatre.

"Why, she quit us without a day's notice," said the captain of the ushers to Sid. "I don't know what on earth was the matter. And she's left her boarding place—I tried to phone her."

This worried Sid. But tomorrow was Friday, and tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock she would be at Signor Scapanelli's.

Sid, after a night of wakefulness, spent two morning hours at the office of Carnegie Hall, but Hazel did not appear. He went upstairs to interview Signor Scapanelli.

"She was queer—dececontinue," cried the Italian tenor, excitedly. "She call me by the telephone. She say she will never-a sing again. And she has an -oh, such important voice! All morning I am upset!"

Such an important voice. Like a mocking bird, thought Sid dully, mocking a dove.

He endured four days of it, without a glimmer of relief or hope. He quarreled with his father. He left his mother in tears.

He roamed in the subway one morning, like a lost soul in the caverns of the netherworld. It hurt him terribly. He stood on the spot where he had first seen Hazel, the green and gold little soprano in search of Calnegie Hall. He closed his eyes and tried to picture her coming to him. She had been all his, and he——

Damned fool, damned fool, damned fool!

Some other fool was whistling a song he knew, "Forgotten."

He ran, not walked, to the nearest exit, and tore out into the street. He telephoned Biloxi, Mississippi. She must be there.

"Who is calling?" demanded Hazel Corliss's father.

Sid told him his name and told him his fears.

"Why, I think, Mr. Maultsby you had better write me. I object to such extraordinary inquiries by telephone."

"Have you heard from her?" pleaded Sid. "Do you know where she is?"

Yes"

"Did she mention—me?"

"Not by name, sir. Someone has been annoying her, and it strikes me, Mr. Maultsby——"

Sid ended the conversation. She meant it, then. There wasn't any hope. There wasn't any future. Not anything.

He haunted the Sheridan Theatre that night, unconsciously seeking anodyne in something that would deepen the bitterness of his longing. And they tore him open and poured salt on his heart by playing -of all things- Dixie!

Mr. Maultsby, Senior, had never been inclined to take seriously the love affairs of his children all safely married now with the exception of Sid. But when your youngest son, and, secretly in a warm inner spot your favorite son, dropped from one hundred and eighty to one hundred and sixty pounds, and could not eat and could not sleep and could not work, why, something had to be done about it. The boy's clothes hung on him like garments on a hatrack. His eyes that once had been clear and eager were haunted, hysterical eyes. He answered you dully now, without petulance. He was no longer quarrelsome.

"You'll just have to fight it out for yourself, son," said Mr Maultsby, sympathetically. "If there was anything I could do or say—won't you tell me all about it, Sid?"

Sid told him, omitting nothing. They had luncheon uptown at the Harvard Club, and a long talk afterward in a quiet corner of the lounge. Sid seemed drugged with hopelessness.

"Why, you asinine young nut!" grunted Mr Maultsby when he had finished. "Of course, you made her angry. Who wouldn't be? Listen, son, where did you come by these exaggerated ideas of aristocracy? I started out as a shipping clerk."

"I don't care how many shipping clerks you rose from, dad, you're all Tory you're a walking hotbed of conservatism. "Who is Miss Corliss" you wanted to know. "I never heard of her" As though she had to be a dam' useless debutante——"

"Tush, tush. I should want you to marry a woman clever enough to do things on her own. I want you to marry Hazel Corliss, when you find her, when she comes back to you——"

"When," added Sid, bitterly, "and if! It's too bad you didn't say these things sooner, dad."

Mr. Maultsby peered at his watch. "Great guns!" he cried, getting up. "It's a quarter to three, and I've got a board meeting downtown at three, on William Street. I've got to rush, son. Did you tell Phil to wait?"

"In fifteen minutes you'll never get to William Street not in an automobile. Try the subway dad. "World's safest railroad."

(Continued on Page 21)

You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

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DR. EDWARDS
OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

How Man Will Look and Live 20,000 Years From Now

(Continued from Front Page)

extremes of temperature similar to those now felt in deserts, where the days are burning and the nights icy.

In future ages the methods of heating which we now use will be impossible. Coal mines will long have been exhausted and petroleum will only be a geological memory. As to wood, it will have become so scarce that some artificial forests will be maintained at great expense as a form of education and it will no longer be used as a combustible or even in industry.

Some modern inventions help us to imagine methods of heating which will then be used. Thus the creation of subterranean resorts can be predicted where these excessive differences of temperature will no longer be felt and where light and heat can be introduced by means of powerful parabolic mirrors, which will carry the sun's rays to the greatest depths of the soil.

Moreover, the Future Man will be able to adopt the solution indicated by Professor Piccard in his voyages through the stratosphere. The Future Man will live in hemispheric houses, made of metal and moving platform like the newest artillery turrets. But these hemispheres will be painted black on one side and white on the other. At the hours when it is hot, the white part will be turned to the solar rays and will reflect them and lessen their force. At twilight, on the other hand, the black part will be turned towards the sun so as to absorb the maximum of heat and store it up in the interior of the structure.

In these closed dwellings, whether they are subterranean or aerial, the Future Man will invent an artificial light which will give out infra-red rays or ultra-violet rays, according to the needs of the moment. The use of rays of various kinds will, indeed, play a great part in the existence of the Future Man.

For instance, when there are no great fields for agriculture or stock-raising available, it will be necessary to insure the life of the plants and animals that will be absolutely necessary to the Future Man. In a few square feet of earth he will cause vegetables to grow, irradiated by neon lamps, which will intensify growth. Similarly, the Future Man will raise chickens and poultry under electric effluvia which will force them to lay all the time, as is done to some extent today, and will thus obtain an abundance of fresh eggs, which alone will perhaps be sufficient to keep him alive, if he can produce water and fertilizer for the plants and food for the poultry.

Owing to the probable progress of machinery and physical science, it may be foreseen without the least exaggeration that the Future Man will be able to construct machines that will raise him into those regions of the stratosphere which are only just beginning to be known. There he will feel the benefit of radiations which may infuse a new vitality into his body. These interplanetary health resorts will in the future replace those tiresome and expensive journeys which we make today to the seashore, or the mountains, in order to recuperate from the fatigues of the city. And the benefits of the stratosphere resorts should be infinitely greater.

The history of the social organization of the Future Man does not belong to the sphere of biology. But judging by examples furnished by Nature, it is probable that humanity will follow the line of evolution long marked out by the insects, the most highly developed creatures next to the vertebrates, who, starting from a condition in which each individual kept his independence in the struggle for life, tend as they progress, to group themselves together with the common object, which is the future of the species. But the difference between these animals and ourselves is too great for us to take their laws as the model for our own. Everything on this point is only hypothesis without proofs.

The medical profession of the future will have a far different situation to face. If the surface of the earth becomes a desert the effect will be as if it had been sterilized in some monster oven, removing not only such diseases as malaria and yellow fever, but probably more than half the other dangerous microbes. But life in airtight houses or in the depths of the earth under artificial illumination, synthetic air and other unnatural conditions can be relied upon to encourage a whole new line of ailments calling for new treatments in cure and prevention.

From being scientifically shielded and coddled through the ages, Future Man is likely to become a rather difficult patient. Formerly when an epidemic fell upon a community the weakest succumbed, but a selective process centered among the stronger ones, who thus became more and more resistant until they were at last invulnerable and capable of breeding generations whom the plague would not touch. In this way races have grown up in historical times, who have specialized so to speak in particular forms of defending their organism and have survived under conditions where others would have perished.

A few examples will illustrate this statement. The Chinese are largely resistant to cholera, tuberculosis and tetanus diseases which ravage the races of Southern Asia, such as the Annamites. The latter, on the other hand, do not suffer seriously from malaria. The Japanese are very susceptible to smallpox, scurvy, measles and leprosy, but do not contract scarlet fever or whooping cough and are seldom attacked by rickets. It is known, by the way, that scarlet fever is usually a serious disease among white men, and especially among Anglo-Saxons.

These resistances have been built up by contending with certain diseases in the past and can be lost again. If Future Man, after a few thousand years of life in a desert world learns to manufacture enough water synthetically to make its surface bloom again, he may be scourged by a series of epidemics to which he will be almost entirely immune.

Whatever happens man's nervous system seems destined to become ever increasingly delicate. From the medical point of view this may be both a liability and an asset. Wounds, infections, shocks of any sort will tend to upset him seriously, perhaps fatally. Shell-shock, so common since the last war and unheard of after any of the others, may become a sort of chronic ailment of everyone, like coughs and colds today. The slightest noise, surprise or other shock may send these sensitive souls into a fit.

On the other hand, this same supersensitivity of the nerves may give the future physician added opportunity, when he knows how to play on the delicate instrument. The progress of physics will enable the doctor to make diagnoses of which at present he has only a feeble idea. We are just learning that each man throws out radiations which are peculiar to him and which when they are identified will reveal clearly his physical and moral condition. It can therefore, be understood that the Future Man will be examined by the doctor both from the point of view of health and from that of his intellectual and social value. His good qualities, his defects, his weaknesses, his strong points, will record themselves on receiving instruments, as a message is now sent by wireless telegraphy. The doctor will read his secret thoughts as well as the causes of his indisposition or pain, as one can read today on a dial his blood-pressure, or the rate of his pulse.

Men and women of 20,000 years from now will doubtless read about our age with much the same mingled awe and amusement with which we read of the caveman's rough-and-tumble life. What we call modern artificial existence they would call "going back to Nature."

The End.

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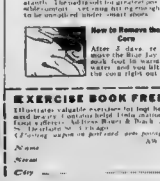

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SUBWAY INTERLUDE

A Public Relations Secretary Learns Something About His Own Relations and Acquires Another by Marriage.

By Wentworth Hale

(Continued from Page 20)

Get you there in ten minutes."

"Then come and show me what train to take."

Sid shook his head listlessly. "Not me, dad. I'll never go in it again."

Mr. Maultsby bravely and eventually dived into the East Side subway at Grand Central. Of course, one of the men could tell him how to get to 281 William Street.

But the man in the change booth, snapping out nickels to each of a long line of pushing and irritable patrons, only growled at him, "Brooklyn Bridge."

"I did not say anything about Brooklyn," returned Mr. Maultsby, spiritedly. "I said how do I get to 281 William Street?"

"Brooklyn Bridge," snarled the change-maker. "Step on it. Move on. Whaddaya think I am, the dictionary?"

"Look here, you insolent scoundrel," rasped Mr. Maultsby. "I am an officer and director of the company. I'll have your job for this!"

"Go wash your face. I've heard that one before. The Prince of Wales is your son-in-law, ain't he?"

"Move along!" The component parts of the queue behind Mr. Maultsby began growling and snapping threateningly. "Cut the gabfest!" "Fan him with a brick!" "Hire a hall, you big slob!"

Then somebody started pushing, and a beet-red and choleric vice-president found himself violently thrust away from the change-booth. He was jostled through a turnstile and could not fight his way back. He pressed on irritably with the crowd into the mazes of the upper level. He saw no company employe he could ask for information. He would fix that surley dog in the change-booth the important thing now was that board meeting.

He made inquiry of a fairly intelligent looking passerby, who listened querulously and snapped, "Follow the Green Lights."

Mr. Maultsby read the inscription on the line painted overhead: "Follow the Green Lights to Shuttle Train for Times Square, West Side Subway, Seventh Avenue, Broadway Subway, South Ferry, Van Cortlandt Park, Brooklyn and the Bronx."

"My God," he groaned, "I'm not going to all those places!"

But he followed the Green Lights resolutely until he came to a standing train of three cars marked Shuttle Train. He propounded his query to a uniformed guard.

"Follow de Red Lights," barked that official hoarsely, and the car doors shut in Mr. Maultsby's face.

He found the Red Lights overhead, running along with the inscription: "Follow the Red Lights to East Side Subway, Lexington Avenue, Hunt's Point Road, City Hall, Brooklyn and the Bronx."

Mr. Maultsby was ignominiously upside down. He had not the faintest idea of direction. The Red Lights angered him as a red shirt angers a bull. He asked five more people to direct him. Three were foreigners who could not understand him, one was willing but did not know, and the fifth said with a leer, "So's your old man."

Mr. Maultsby was thoroughly enraged now. "One hell of a subway!" he muttered. "And my son spent eight weeks in it, trying to improve public relations!"

He was stung into the single resolution to get out of this inferno at the first possible exit.

He saw a promising sign, "To Street," and went that way. Then overhead he spied another line, this time a bright yellow one, with yellow lights, and beneath it was neatly lettered in black: "Follow the Yellow Lights for Courtesy, Information and Sandwiches."

Mr. Maultsby stopped and stared at it. There must be some mistake—there wasn't any such thing as that in the subway.

But he followed the yellow line.

It brought him presently to a brightly lighted little shop of the confectionery and newsstand variety. There were two busy girls behind the counter, one fat and capable looking and the other a comely person with gray eyes and gold-to-flaxen hair that tumbled in curls about her ears. The latter seemed to be in charge.

There were many customers. The gray-eyed girl was telling one of them, a worried old gentleman evidently from the South, how to get to Newark. He pronounced it New Ark. "I've asked twelve people," he complained, "and they all said, 'You're there right now.'"

The girls were hard-pressed to answer all the questions put to them, but they did it with smiling patience. A battery of little red street guides and maps of the subway and elevated systems seemed to give them all needed information instantly. And everybody who asked for guidance bought something.

Where was Great Jones Street? How did you get to 26th Broadway? Where was Stuyvesant Street? Was Bush Terminal on Forty-third Street, Brooklyn or Forty-third Street, New York?

"What is the quickest way," asked Mr. Maultsby of the gray-eyed girl, "to get to 281 William Street?"

She flipped the pages of a street guide and pointed with her pencil to the subway map. "Just below Brooklyn Bridge Station of the East Side Subway. Take a downtown express and you get there in two hops. Anything else, sir?"

"Yes. There is." He bought a pocketful of cigars. There was a lull in business at the moment and the assistant was taking care of present customers. "How long have you had this shop?"

"Three weeks, sir," said the girl.

"Subway people know about it—the company, I mean?"

She smiled. "I suppose they ought to, yes sir. The man who had it was going out of business, and he sublet it to us. They had closed this exit on account of some construction, and he said his business was ruined nobody passed by here any more."

"Ah, I see. And you thought of a way to bring them here. For 'Courtesy, Information and Sandwiches,' eh?" Do the subway people object to your sign, the 'Yellow Lights?'"

"They haven't yet, sir. I don't see why they should. Goodness knows they need someone to do what we are doing."

"Hm! Do you like this sort of work?"

"Well, better than some things I've had to do, like singing in a theatre for a living."

He stared at her with quick interest. "Did you usher in a theatre?"

"Yes, sir. So did my friend here. I was studying voice, and I had to find a way to pay for my lessons. But we both got—got tired of ushering. We—I saw this chance and I'm going to make enough money to—take lessons again, some day."

Something had reminded Mr. Maultsby that he was in a terrible hurry. "Write your name down for me, will you, young lady?"

She wrote it: "Hazel Corliss." He looked at the slip long and intently.

"I am an officer and director of this company, Miss Corliss," he said, briskly, batting his eyes. "I am going to send a young man to see you. He needs your help. We had a plan for something very much like this—an information booth at every important station. You've got the idea—you can have charge of the system. The young man is my son."

"I knew it, Mr. Maultsby," she said, her lip trembling. "I knew it when I first heard your voice. And if he's not very angry, will you tell him I'm—I'm sorry."

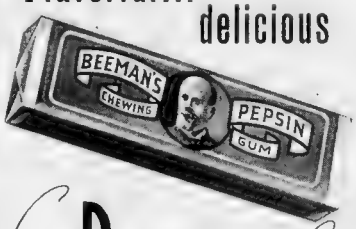
"You tell him yourself," boomed Mr. Maultsby genially. "I'm going to get the idiotic young rascal now. You wait. I'm going to tell him to follow the Yellow Lights—and use his judgment!"

Mr. Maultsby rushed off to a telephone, perspiring and happy. Board meetings be hanged!

"Courtesy, Information and Sandwiches," he panted, chuckling. "These three are the greatest of these is—Love."

The End.

Flavorful... delicious



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Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 18)

rett. "I want to write a note and have you address the envelope. You said one of your men was going in with Mallow. Can you trust him?"

"To mail a letter? Certainly!"

"Then I'll write it at once, so as not to keep you up. I think it's rather important."

CHAPTER VIII.
The Cliff Path.

GARRETT wrote his letter in the deserted living room and gave it to his host unsealed. Osterhout sealed it and wrote the dictated address without comment, although he glanced up at Garrett in speculative surprise.

He sent for Sam Placer, who was taking Mallow ashore, and told him to mail the letter as soon as he reached the Santa Monica pier. The ex-marine stuffed it into his pocket without looking at it, saluted and returned to his post on the ridge.

Garrett asked how the men divided their guard duty.

"They have three hours on watch and three hours off, during the night. That puts a man on each beach while the two others sleep, or play their everlasting cards," said Osterhout. "During the daytime, one man can watch both beaches from the ridge, which leaves a man available for the power-boat. If he stays away overnight, one of us takes his place. Now I must go and get some sleep myself."

Osterhout concluded his explanation rather abruptly, realizing that the guilty member of his household might have been left in charge of one of the beaches.

"Never mind," Garrett smiled. "No harm done yet! Now, if I can borrow your shaving kit, I'll leave you alone."

Osterhout lent it to him and went to bed. Garrett shaved quickly in cold water and returned to the court, where he had left his box. He lugged it to the rear wing and tried the door. It was locked.

Garrett walked in, to find Mallow sweeping the floor. The long room was brilliant with sunshine that streamed through the glass roof and glittered with dancing motes of dust.

Mallow straightened, stared and shook his head.

"You must be crazy here," he said tonelessly. "I am the only person allowed here when Mr. Osterhout is not present. What is it you want, Mr. Garrett?"

"Why, I want to borrow some of his tools and use the work-bench," Garrett stared. "Got to make a new rudder. I lost mine in a squall and had to land here last night."

Mallow's slate-gray eyes wandered over him with dull suspicion. The man was either stupid and loyal to Osterhout, or else a magnificent actor.

"In the absence of Mr. Osterhout," he began, "I—"

"Never mind," Garrett laughed. "Tomorrow will do." He pointed at the wireless controls. "What's that thing?"

Mallow turned his head. Garrett stole a swift look at the safe. The door of it was closed, and the handle in the same position as he remembered it. When Mallow faced him, he was staring at the wireless outfit as before.

"That thing is part of Mr. Osterhout's experiments," said Mallow in a flat voice. "Would you mind leaving, please?"

"Me? Why of course not! Didn't mean to intrude."

"Very well," said Mallow and closed the door on him.

Setting his box down just outside, Garrett crossed the court and strolled through the passage. He was beginning to form a theory about that shot last night. Whether or not it concerned Mallow had yet to be discovered.

From the front of the hacienda the guard hut was in full view. It stood in the lee of a flat-topped pinnacle of rock on the very crest of the island. Beyond the hut, Garrett could see the tall, quiet marine named Sam Placer strolling along the ridge. He wore a vest but no coat, had his white shirt-sleeves rolled up and carried a rifle hunter-fashion.

Garrett walked toward the hut. As he gained the path along the ridge, the island fell away beneath him on both sides. His sleep lay clear of the water. He paused to look around.

East and west the ocean glittered deep-blue in the sun, with threads of white crawling up the beaches. The west beach was deserted. One of the marines armed with a rifle was pacing along the east beach. Garrett wondered why, until he noticed the figure of Celia in sweater and slacks, sunning herself on the rocks at the far end. She lay sprawled on her stomach. Dion Vane sat beside her, tailor-fashion.

Away to the southwest, the deep-sea fishing fleet was scattered, the farthest almost on the horizon, some of the nearest just outside the kelp half a mile off shore. Garrett noticed that Sam Placer kept turning his eyes that way.

There was a clean, singing breeze up here, but it was warm in the sun. Garrett filled his lungs and walked quietly to the hut, surprised at himself for his disquiet before dawn. After a couple of sharp knocks, he entered without leave.

Buck Edwards lay sprawled in his bunk, smoking. Dan had nothing on but a pair of shorts, and was just turning in. He wheeled, squinted against the glare and crouched a little.

Buck sat up and bumped his head. "What the hell?" he exclaimed in a pained voice. "Think we're the public lib'ry?"

Dan straightened slowly. "What d'you want?"

Garrett studied the lean, muscular torso and his own muscles twitched. He had nothing against Dan except the challenge of his strength, moral and physical. It would be said if they were allies, as seemed probable.

"I walked in to look you over," he explained lazily.

A gleam of pleased understanding began to lurk in Dan's brown eyes. He leaned against the bunk.

"Oh, yeah?" he inquired. "And so what?"

"You look indecent. What time does Mallow set sail?"

Dan's eyes hardened. "What d'you want to know for?"

"That's my business. I can ask Mr. Osterhout."

"He's gone to bed."

"That's why I'm asking you." Dan studied him for a moment. "Sam's running the boat in at six bells—eleven," he said quietly. "And your business here is my business, Mister."

Garrett looked at his wrist watch. It was just nine.

Over a chair hung the dark coat Sam Placer had been wearing when he came to the house a few minutes earlier. Garrett flipped it open. His letter stuck up from the inside pocket, facing away from him. It was still sealed.

"Thanks," he said, and started out of the hut.

"Wa-it a minute!" Dan's words had an edge.

Garrett wheeled in the doorway, hands in his pockets.

"And so what?" he inquired in a chill voice.

Dan's eyes flickered from the bulge in Garrett's side pocket to his own holstered gun on the chair, then to his rifle and back to Garrett's face.

"Shut the door as you go out," he suggested softly.

Garrett did so, feeling moderately satisfied. So far he had antagonized Celia, Vane, Brisson and the ex-marines. He sensed real danger from the unknown spy on the island. If he could deflect that danger from Osterhout to himself it would be easier to handle. Also, people in a temper often betrayed themselves, although he had little to go on as yet.

He walked around the hut in full view of the window. Dan might hold him up and question him, but Garrett thought this unlikely in view of Osterhout's welcome.

Nothing happened. As he moved on along the top of the ridge, Placer saw him coming and wheeled to meet him. Sam was the type of quiet, big-boned, nerveless blond that looks like a boy up to middle age, inoffensive but nobody's fool.

"Hello," said Garrett, unsmiling. "Mr. Osterhout asked me to warn you not to forget his letter. He'll be asleep when you leave. Where's the boathouse?"

The context implied that Garrett was on another errand for Osterhout. The sentry pointed downward toward the south end of the east beach. Celia and Vane were at the other end.

"Against the cliff down there," said Placer slowly. "Looks kinda like a big rock. See it?"

Garrett picked it up at once, knowing where to look. The roof and sides were irregular and exactly the shade of the cliff from which it sloped. Osterhout had been thorough.

"Yes, I see it. That's first-rate camouflage."

"You take the beach path there, and turn right."

"Later, maybe," said Garrett. "I'm out for a stroll now along the ridge. Like to see both sides of a question."

He walked on, leaving Placer to stare after him.

It was close on ten o'clock when Garrett stood on a point from which he could see the southern end of the island. He had climbed up and down, veering left and right, for three miles. His survey was brief and satisfactory.

From the hut to the sea, this end of the island offered neither a hiding place ashore, nor the tiniest cove for a boat to land its passengers. Shoulder after shoulder dipped to the ocean in rock slopes up which the long swells surged in foam. It was all barren rock except for a little tough grass in the folds.

Hot from the sun and the rough going he turned back, keeping to the ridge as nearly as possible in a straight line.

The shorter distance brought him to the guard hut by ten-forty. Celia and Vane had disappeared from the east beach. Placer was descending the path with a bag instead of his rifle. The lumbering figure of Huckle had replaced him on the ridge, Huckle in a lumberjack shirt and no hat.

The big ex-marine saw him coming and studied him with puckered eyes. Evidently he had been hearing about Garrett from his pals.

"Say, Mister," he began, "you wanna watch yer step around here! Where you been all this time?"

Garrett strolled up to the man and halted perforce.

"Move!" he said. "I'm in a hurry to see Osterhout."

The chill snap in his voice made Huckle edge aside. Garrett passed him with a frown. After a moment he looked back. The ex-marine had grounded his rifle and was scowling.

"We don't like nosey guys, here," he called loudly.

"Go sit on your face," said Garrett and walked on.

Entering the court, he tried the workshop door. It was locked. The living room, when he entered it, was occupied by Mrs. Mallow with a basket of sewing. He nodded to her, and got a surprising stare in return. Her eyes looked swollen.

A soft roll of knuckles on Osterhout's door brought instant response. Garrett entered and shut himself in.

"I went to your lab with my box," he smiled, "and Mallow was alone there, sweeping. He wouldn't let me in. He leaves the island in a few minutes. We don't know who the spy is. No doubt your plans are safe, but suppose you look?"

Osterhout flung the covers off with a groan. "No rest for the wicked—but maybe you're right. How long ago was this? Mallow has finished in the workshop——"

"Yes, it's locked. Mrs. Mallow is in the living room, but she needn't know what you're after. Don't know where he is."

"Where have you been since?" asked the inventor grumpily, as he got up. "If you wake me again I'll take steps."

"I'll take longer ones," Garrett smiled. "I've been insulting your ex-marines and exploring your island."

"Insulting? That's supposed to be dangerous. You'd better watch out. Well, come on——"

"I'll wait here," said Garrett, remembering the lady.

In five minutes Osterhout was back again. He looked cross. "The plans are perfectly safe!" he grumbled.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Garrett soberly.

Osterhout laughed. "All right. Perhaps we ought to suspect everyone. Now, if I can get some sleep——"

"Does Mallow have duplicate keys to the workshop?"

"No. I let him in. He swept up and returned my key. Both doors are locked now. Want to go in there yourself?"

"Not I," said Garrett. "My rudder can wait a bit."

He closed Osterhout's door softly, left the house, and saw Mallow ahead of him. The man carried a bag and walked with a stumpy gait that made it jounce. Garrett was too far behind to be noticed, so he followed at a similar pace.

Mallow went down the beach path to the boathouse, disappearing inside without a backward glance.

When Garrett approached, he saw that the place was all odd angles, and made of gray stucco to imitate rock. A huge canvas screen had been rolled up in front, exposing a water slip, with tiny wooden docks on each side of it. The tide was high now, but he guessed that low tide would reveal a runway with rollers to the water's edge. The waves were broken up and negligible on this lee shore.

Walking on soft sand, he turned the corner and stepped up on one of the little docks. He heard a startled oath.

The place was dark and ran back some distance. In a moment he saw Placer crouching at the engine of a fairly large speed-boat, staring at him. Mallow stood near, doing the same.

"So you turned up," said Placer softly.

"Hello, Mr. Mallow," said Garrett. "I came down to see you off. Anything I can do to help, Placer?"

Mallow inclined his head stiffly and said nothing.

"You might keep your nose out," Placer drawled.

Garrett walked to the side of the boat and looked down at him for a long minute, his own hands in his pockets.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Placer," he said.

The man stirred, hesitated and went on with his work.

Mallow was pale and silent as he transferred himself and his bag to the cushioned cockpit. The engine started with a hollow clatter. Placer moved aft, to the wheel. Neither he nor Mallow paid any further attention to Garrett.

The motor-boat scraped her slow way into the natural cove at that point. When she nosed into the first wave, Placer increased speed. Mallow was gripping the rail with both hands.

The boat pulled out some distance and seemed to skirt the kelp. Presently it returned in a wide sweep, heading to sea again at full speed.

The sound of the engine died, but the boat tore on with a curl-bow wave. It seemed to lose way rapidly, and then to ride clear. The engine revved up again. The speed-boat dwindled toward the invisible mainland.

Garrett lowered the canvas screen and moved toward the path. He noticed that the waves reached his careened sloop now.

(Continued on Page 23)

Garrett Turned His Head Sharply. The Doctor Was Very Near, a Terrified Grin Twisting His Mouth and His Big Hands Up to Push Garrett Over the Edge.

"BAD SKIN" means— A Lazy Under Skin

BLACKHEADS, BLEMISHES SAY: *"Something's blocked below"*

STRETCHED PORES SAY: *"Clogging skin-oils did it"*

Skin faults start here

Cross-section shows nerves, glands, fibres that make outer skin good or bad. When they slow down, skin faults start!

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres . . . need *rousing*

Today, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn't it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your face gets the same "third degree" every time you're at arm's length. People think, Why don't you *do something* about your skin?

Yet it's not the skin they see that's at fault. It's your lazy *under-skin!* Tiny glands are overtaxed. . . The oil they give off is thick . . . clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Stop Skin Faults . . . But you can rouse that underskin with this deep-skin cream-of Pond's.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. It goes in, comes out—with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths!

Smooth on more Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply to rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively" . . . flush your skin with vigor! Soon blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out . . . fine texture takes the place of every blemish!

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III
—beautiful young Society woman, says, "Pond's Cold Cream tones up my skin. Blackheads and blemishes never come!"

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to awaken your underskin, to make outer skin bloom!

Every morning, and before make-up, renew this freshness with Pond's Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin, soften it. Powder can't fake!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

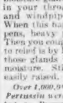
Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Stop COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

Getting throat's moisture glands to work "soothes" coughs away

THE usual cause of a cough is the dry-ing or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to a nation-wide druggist survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Get a bottle today.



PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 W. Lehigh St., N.Y.C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—(print)
Name
Address
A.W.-4-5

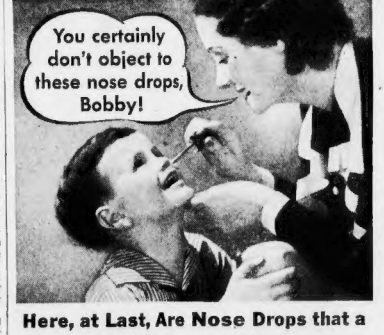
Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

HEAD COLDS TREAT PROMPTLY, MOTHER!



Here, at Last, Are Nose Drops that a Child Will Accept Readily!

Almost as Mild as the Fresh Cream They Look Like!

Doctors say that head and nose colds should be treated promptly, for they are often the start of more serious trouble. But, as you know, it's almost impossible to get a youngster to stand for the old-fashioned nose drops.

Old-type oily drops are nasty to start with. Besides they burn and sting a child's nasal passages. On top of that, they run out of a child's nose and down his face, or back down his throat and make him gag.

Says One Mother:

"I have 3 small children subject to coughs and colds, and nothing acts as quickly as your nose drops. It usually takes me two to three days to check these colds, but one application of Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops does the job. Your drops have been a blessing to us." Mrs. Sam D. Wheeler, 215 Charles St., Waterloo, Iowa.

Don't Burn or Smart

Here, at last, are nose drops acceptable to a child. They are Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops and they are different in every way. Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops even look different. They look like so much fresh cream and are almost as mild. They don't burn or smart, yet they are highly effective—far more so than old-fashioned oil drops.

Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops, moreover, "stay put." They don't run out of the nose. That makes them more pleasant to use. More important, it makes them more efficacious, for it stands to reason that nose drops that will stay up in the nose will do more good than nose drops that run right out.

Grown-ups, Too!

Grown-ups, as well as children, will find Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops more satisfactory than the old kind. Just try them for any head cold, nose cold or clogged or stuffed condition of the head passages. You will be amazed with the immediate results.

All drug stores sell Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops, but a 15c trial size bottle is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard and back will come the 15c bottle postpaid and free.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 6AW3, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me free, 15c trial size bottle of Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops.

Name
Address
City State

Grove's Emulsified NOSE DROPS

Made by the Makers of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine

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Just as a smart dress is still smarter when it has a good-looking clip . . . so Frostilla Lotion, perfect for your hands, is even more desirable because of its *fragrance!* Frostilla has *all* the soothing, beautifying qualities you expect in a hand lotion; its delightful bouquet perfume is that *something extra* that makes it much nicer to use. You can't ask for more . . . don't accept less!

10¢, 50¢ and $1.00 sizes everywhere. Travel size at better ten-cent stores.

fragrant
FROSTILLA Lotion

HAIR on LIPS

Made Invisible with Oxygen

Thousands who formerly suffered the embarrassment of ugly hair on lips, chin and other parts of the face, now use Dioxogen Cream and have a skin lovely to look at and lovely to feel.

Oxygen is nature's safe bleach. It is not drying to the skin. The fact that Dioxogen Cream actually makes face hair invisible, shows that it really does things which ordinary creams cannot do. Dioxogen Cream clears out the pores, refines coarseness, lightens spots and breaks up the greasy substances that cause blackheads.

Start using Dioxogen Cream and within 24 hours you'll see a surprising improvement in your skin. Within 30 days days you'll have the kind of complexion you've always dreamed about. Sold at 50¢ and $1 by dep't stores and druggists.

BACKACHES

NEED WARMTH

Thousands who suffered miserable backaches, pains in shoulder or hips, now put on Allcock's Porous Plaster and find warm, soothing relief. Muscle pains caused by rheumatism, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago and strains all respond instantly to the glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Allcock's Plaster brings blood to the painful spot . . . treats backache where it is. Allcock's lasts long, comes off easily. It is the original porous plaster . . . guaranteed to bring instant relief, or money back. 25¢ at druggists, or write "Allcock Mfg. Co., Owning, N. Y."

ALLCOCK'S

HEAD COLDS

At the first sign of a cold, stop it where it starts—*the nose!* Kondon's Nasal Jelly brings *immediate relief.* Loosens congestion, makes breathing free. Unlike drops, Kondon's doesn't evaporate—stays at work for hours. Forty-six years of success treating colds.

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

ITCH

STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin affliction? For quick and happy relief, use Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. No fuss—no muss. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. *Prescription*

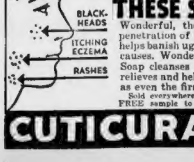
Holds My
FALSE TEETH
Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out or wash away, but "stays put" all day. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security and holds and holds and holds. Breath is always pleasant. If anyone with loose fitting false teeth wants allday comfort and a real pleasure rid, insist upon FASTEETH at any good drug store.

FALSE TEETH STAY PUT

Three sizes. The large size contains four pocket dispensers.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other nonsectarian magazines combined?



WONDERFUL FOR THESE SKIN BLEMISHES

Wonderful, thousands say, how the soothing penetration of CUTICURA Soap and Ointment helps banish ugly skin irritations due to external causes. Wonderful, how this mildly medicated Soap cleanses and soothes—how the Ointment relieves and helps heal! Wonderful, you'll agree, as even the first application aids and comforts.

Sold everywhere. Ointment 25c., Soap 25c. Write for FREE sample to "Cuticura," Dept. 11, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 22)

With no definite reason for it, he felt strangely ill at ease. It was as though, with the speed-boat's departure, a link had been forged in some hidden chain of events.

He looked up to see Huckle descending the path.

"If you came down to lower the screen," Garrett said, "I did that myself. You could pull my sloop a bit higher."

"If you wasn't a guest here," Huckle scowled, "I'd tell you where to get off. Nosin' into everything."

"Aw, let's play nice," said Garrett in a bored tone. He walked past and climbed the ridge. It was full tide. The sloop would do where she lay.

He found a magazine and loafed the forenoon away in the court. From his chair both workshop doors were visible, one of them through the living-room window.

Mrs. Mallow was in and out of the court, passing from the bedrooms to the left wing. Once she crossed with a pretty, fresh-cheeked girl dressed as a maid. Sako appeared frequently.

About noon Celia and Vane drifted in from somewhere, stopped talking abruptly and separated to their respective rooms. A gong sounded. The household began to emerge silently from their burrows, at least they gave that impression. Garrett laid aside his magazine and followed them to the dining room. There was a guarded, secretive atmosphere about these people that kept him alert for more hidden currents among them.

Susan, the pretty maid, waited on table. Shapely and graceful, she kept her violet eyes demurely lowered, but Garrett thought the tucked-in corners of her mouth belied her decorum.

Linklater's prominent eyes kept straying in Garrett's direction. The others ignored him. Osterhout did not appear.

In the court afterwards, Linklater came up to Garrett.

"Dull here," he said fretfully. "Come for a walk?"

"Why, yes," said Garrett, watching him. "Thought I'd explore to the north. Mind going in that direction?"

Garrett caught a flash of something in the shiny eyes as they fell away, but he could not tell what emotion caused it.

"Show you what little there is," the doctor mumbled.

They started almost at once. The island lifted and broadened to the north. Losing its slopes it became more of a table-land, which fell away to the ocean in almost vertical cliffs. The upper part lay starred in shallow folds, without deep gullies or chimneys where men could hide a camp.

It was hot climbing in the sun. Linklater perspired freely but his shambling gait kept him level. Presently he pointed away to the right, toward the northeast.

"There's a path against the cliff over there. Pretty hot walking," he grumbled. "The path'll be in shade by this time, and there's a fine view."

They had passed the highest point. Ahead more folds of land sloped away to the northwest. Garrett nodded agreement.

Linklater veered down a shallow gulley. At the end, he turned into a path which dipped along the cliff-face. The rocky shelf was quite wide and lay in shadow. From the edge, Garrett could look straight down some two hundred feet to the rocks below and see the waves breaking in slow time.

Linklater halted and turned. "There's your view," he pointed. His finger shook and he was panting a little.

Garrett faced the ocean, then turned his head sharply.

The doctor was very near, a terrified grin twisting his mouth and his big hands up to push Garrett over the edge.

CHAPTER IX.
An Open Window.

GARRETT dropped instantly to his hands and knees. The doctor fell over him and rolled to the very edge of the path, sobbing and clawing like an animal. Garrett's hand shot out, gripped his clothing and yanked him back as he was going over the rock lip. The tug was enough to save Linklater safely spread-eagled, with a leg and arm over the void.

Rising quickly, Garrett stood back to watch. He had expected something of the sort, but the sudden attack left him shaking a little. He contrived to look amazed and furious.

Linklater squirmed away from the edge and scrambled unsteadily to his feet. His face was livid and wet with shock.

"I stumbled!" he gasped, fingering his mouth. "That w-was an accident. I stumbled. What a narrow escape!"

"You nearly had me over!" said Garrett indignantly. "This is a fine place to stumble, Doctor! You ought to be more careful. Sit down *for* a bit, until you stop shaking."

Linklater shook his head, but leaned against the rock wall to steady himself. His prominent eyes kept shifting to Garrett's face and away again, while he felt himself aimlessly.

"You—you pulled me back," he gasped in a queer voice.

Garrett stood with his hands in his side pockets, one of them holding his gun, although the pose looked natural. He stared at Linklater, wondering what that tone meant.

"It was a narrow squeak for us both," he agreed, "but luckily there's no harm done. Lead the way if you feel better. I don't want to take any chances of your stumbling again."

His tone was indignant but not at all suspicious.

After a moment Linklater shrugged himself upright and started on, keeping close to the rock wall. Garrett followed, watching him but not very carefully. He did not think the man would try again. He was too badly shaken.

The path wound along toward the northwest and sloped gently downward, parallel with the top of the cliff above. After a few hundred yards another gully ran down to meet it. The cliff path ended there.

Linklater veered up the gully, shambling and stooping a little. When they came out into the open at the top, he faced Garrett with his usual air of fretfulness, though his eyes wandered self-consciously.

"Think I'll turn back now," he mumbled. "That was m-more of a shock than I realized. Are you—going on?"

"Guess I'll keep on to the end," said Garrett in a cold voice. He tried to act like a stupid man in whom dull suspicion was beginning to find root.

The doctor looked down and kicked at the moss like a small boy. "Sorry I stumbled like that," he muttered. "Of course, it was an accident. You—you won't say anything?"

The words sounded childish and frightened. Garrett felt a queer chill. It altered to a faint sense of pity.

"All right," he nodded. "I won't say anything."

He stood watching Linklater until the man's big body had ambled over a lift of ground and disappeared from sight. Then he wheeled and tramped away in the opposite direction.

A little farther on, the island narrowed and sloped downward rapidly, shelving to a mass of tumbled rocks. From the last shoulder, Garrett stared northward. After a moment he picked up Begg's Rock, six or seven miles distant. It looked merely a sharp peak sticking up out of the ocean and was barely visible. He did not think it would be of any use to spies.

Climbing down to the water's edge, he searched each way for caves. There were none as far as the cliffs, where further search became impossible without a boat.

Having come along the northeast face of the island, Garrett returned along the cliffs to the southwest. Halfway home, he came upon a little natural eyrie at the end of a gully high above the ocean. There was a bit of natural rock floor, with rock walls rising on either side and a steep slope at the back. Rough steps had been cut in this slope.

It was quite evident who used the eyrie. The late afternoon sun struck directly into it, revealing clumsy shelves nailed inside an up-ended packing box. On the shelves were all sorts of youthful treasures: blown gull eggs, shells, bits of rare moss, hooks and fishing line, crab-shells and so on. As evidence that Celia came here, too, Garrett observed a bit of broken mirror, a little compact and several hairpins.

He left the place, frowning thoughtfully to himself. As a guardian of youth, Osterhout left something to be desired. It did not occur to Garrett that Celia's morals were no concern of his. It never did occur to him, then or later.

When he climbed out of the gully, the orange glow over everything made him look seaward. It was getting late, close on sunset, and the mist that seemed to haunt this island had begun to blur the ocean's face like a veil.

He struck inland at once, gained a high shoulder and looked for the hacienda. It was at least two miles away, small and flattened by distance. With a sense of sharp unease, he made for home at a long-paced walk that covered the ground like a jogtrot. There was that extra rifle to be remembered.

Before he had covered a mile, the sun sank and dusk closed over the island. With twilight came the fog, coiling and wreathing up from the sea on the wings of the soft, night breeze. At the end of another half-mile, Garrett was feeling his way almost blind.

He slowed his pace to move silently, having no desire to be picked off out here by a good marksman, but kept to the right direction by instinct. The going was uneven and made it difficult not to stumble. At length the ground dipped and leveled off. He knew that he was close to the house.

At the same instant a murmur of voices brought him to a sudden, tense halt. There was still some light overhead, but the mist had thickened and became blinding. As he stood motionless, the voices drew nearer. He heard a light laugh.

With startling abruptness, two figures seemed to leap at him through a curtain of gray. He recognized Vane and Celia an instant before they saw him. They were bare-headed and walking side by side, their heads tipped back to look up into the mist and their hair jeweled with moisture.

"—bet he was prying into that rudder of his, when he lost it," came Vane's lazy voice in a humorous drawl.

Garrett coughed dryly. The young people halted and their heads came down with a jerk. Garrett saw a curious wild laughter in their eyes. Then they sobered, staring at him.

"Speak of the devil," said Vane, and waved his hand. Without warning he sprang back and disappeared.

Celia hesitated as though very slightly dazed. From a little distance came the hoarse cry of a gull, followed by gentle, mocking laughter. Celia met Garrett's eyes. Perhaps she read the mild amusement there. Wheeling uncertainly, she slipped away into the mist.

As Garrett approached the house two pairs of lighted windows glowed through the fog. He moved nearer. They belonged to the rooms of Linklater and Osterhout. The shades were drawn down. His own windows were closed and dark.

Veering wide of the lighted windows, he found the corner of the house and felt his way to the passage. A moment later he stood in the misty court. Lights on three sides showed the deserted tables and chairs shining with moisture. From the left wing came a confused medley of noises promising dinner.

Garrett threaded a course to the living room. It was lighted but unoccupied. This struck him as curious. Outside just now, he had noticed no lights beyond his own darkened windows. These had been switched on within the last two minutes. Yet there was nobody here, and he had seen no one in the court.

He crossed and tried the door to the workshop. It was locked. He rapped on the door, thinking that Osterhout might have passed through recently. There was no response.

Puzzled to alertness, he entered the little hall and reached his own door. It opened into the darkness he expected, but a tingle of warning halted him in the doorway. There was a hint of damp chill in the air. His room should have been warm and dry from the day-long sun on the roof. Somebody had opened his window since nightfall.

Waiting until his vision grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw that one window stood open now, raised from the bottom. It had been opened within the last two or three minutes, but his senses told him there was no one in the room.

He whirled, raced back on light feet through the hall and the living room, and plunged into the court. The same closed windows glowed into the mist. He halted in shadow to watch the passage.

(Continued on Page 24)

SPECIAL COLD PREVENTION SALE!

A 50c SIZE BOTTLE OF
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
ONLY **1¢**
WITH EVERY BOTTLE YOU BUY AT THE REGULAR PRICE

This offer is made solely to induce you to try Pepsodent Antiseptic.

GIVES YOU PRACTICALLY 6 TIMES THE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

● Unlike ordinary antiseptics, which must be used full strength to be effective, Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in ten seconds, even if it is diluted with 2 parts of water. Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far! Gives you 3 times as much value for your money!

But that's only half the story. For Pepsodent is now offering you 2 bottles of Pepsodent Antiseptic for only 1c more than the cost of one bottle. Your money will go 6 times as far! So don't fail to take advantage of this offer. Get 2 bottles of Pepsodent Antiseptic today.

DOCTOR REVEALS STARTLING STORY of what 774 Illinois people did to help

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD

● To a doctor long noted for his work in practical research we put this question: "Can Pepsodent Antiseptic prevent colds?" We asked him to find the answer in his own way. To take as much time as he needed. Spend as much money as was necessary.

The result was the Illinois Test, in which the doctor worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. . . . These people lived together, worked together, ate the same foods. But one-half of them gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic. The other half did not.

THE DOCTOR'S REPORT

Results leave no doubt that Pepsodent Antiseptic is remarkably effective in fighting colds. For the people who did not gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Thus you see, that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold, but those who did got rid of their colds in half . . . some even in one-third . . . the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

SPECIAL 1¢ SALE!

THIS OFFER GOOD IN UNITED STATES ONLY WHILE DEALERS' SUPPLY LASTS

Now in effect at all drug and department stores. Don't pass up this great money-saving value

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

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$1,000 CASH for Ideas

PLUS 77 *Valuable Merchandise Prizes*

● 102 chances in all to win a worthwhile prize—and it will certainly pay you to get acquainted with this ultra modern Duo-Draft air-conditioned Refrigerator. Its sensational advantages introduce new ideas in food protection, using ice in an entirely different way.

We want women themselves to tell us what to say about this refrigerator. We are paying for best answers to the question:

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE WOMEN OF AMERICA ABOUT DUO-DRAFT REFRIGERATORS?

Safe, silent, convenient food protection—at far less cost . . . constant temperatures always well below 50° . . . all the ice cubes you need, in a few minutes . . . a way to make smooth, delicious ice cream in 15 minutes. These are some of the things you'll enjoy writing about. Nothing to buy or pay to enter. Absolutely no obligation. Free booklet gives complete information. Contest ends at midnight, April 20.

"Cold Alone is Not Enough!"

McKEE DUO-DRAFT air-conditioned REFRIGERATORS

McKEE REFRIGERATOR CO.
Contest Committee, Box 10, Coldwater, N. Y.
Please send at once free booklet "Food Keeping—What Every Woman Should Know About It," and rules for your $1000 Cash Prize Contest.

NAME .....
STREET .....
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Send for FREE BOOKLET

What's in a Loaf of Daily Bread?

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN we tell Tommy to go to the corner store, and "be sure and bring back a loaf of bread with you," we probably never think of the long and romantic story behind the transformation of these lowly brown cereal grains into the white, delicious and nourishing slices which appear daily on our tables.

Mrs. Housewife often tells about bread as if it were a standard, unchanging article of food—like potatoes—whose ingredients or constituent qualities remain the same month after month, and year in, year out. But a loaf of bread may be anything from a simple mixture of flour, yeast and water, to a complex product made with additional butter, fats, eggs, milk, raisins, etc. The finished loaf is not always uniform, nor are the ingredients which go into this loaf continuously of the same quality or kind.

Take the basic ingredient—flour. There is a flour for every cereal grain—wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats, rice, buckwheat, and their combinations. In tropical countries the banana, the cassava root, arrowroot, or again the potato, and indeed, any fruit, or root or vegetable product high in starch may and is used as a flour.

But why is wheat the universally popular cereal for bread-making flour? Because the wheat cereal contains two important proteins, which, when mixed with water, produce gluten. And it is the gluten which gives the elastic quality to doughs and which thus aids them in retaining the gas bubbles produced by the fermentation of yeast, or by the action of baking powders. The amount of gluten varies in different grades of flours and also in the grains harvested at differing seasons.

In general we can say that there are five main commercial classes of wheat: (a) Hard red Winter wheat; (b) Hard red Spring wheat; (c) Soft red wheat; (d) Soft white wheat; (e) Durum wheat. The majority of flours are made from both hard red Winter wheat and hard red Spring wheat, and the gluten in both these two harvestings is superior to the other classes, for bread-making.

From the next two groups, the soft red wheat and the soft white wheat, come the makings of our pastry flours, or cake flours which make the lightest cakes, pies, crackers, etc. This is because these two wheats have a lower gluten content, and hence the flour made from them are less rubbery, and less heavy. The gluten which is all-desirable for bread-makings less desirable in making cakes and pastry where lightness is the first prime requisite. Most cake flours are special blends and combinions of these less-glutenous flours, specially sifted and processed.

Durum wheat is as high in protein food value, as is that from which the large gup of food pastes are prepared—the macaroni, the spaghetti, the noodles, soup alphabet letters, etc. From it also is made semolina or the granular wheat product used for breakfast porridge, soup thickening, etc.

However, not only the kind of wheat, but also the manner in which the wheat grain is milled makes considerable difference in the character of the flours produced. Every grain has three important parts: (1) The flour part or endosperm; (2) the germ and (3) the husk.

While the wheat germ represents but 2½ of the entire grain, nevertheless it is the germ which is the richest in vitamin values—it is one of the richest of all sources of Vitamin E, and an excellent source of both Vitamins B and G. More of the wheat germ is contained in the whole-wheat or graham and such dark flours, but since the germ tends to become rancid more easily (because of its higher percentage of oil), wheat flours must be handled promptly and carefully by granary and baker.

A trip through a good and well managed commercial bakery is most interesting and instructive. The dough is mixed with scientific care, test loaves are checked or rated for weight, color, texture and other points, the dough poured from a giant mixer into troughs, and then kept in a temperature-controlled room before being measured and molded into individual loaves ready for the ovens. The ovens bake thousands of loaves as if by magic, then, hot from the oven, the batch is conveyed to a cooling room, and again brought back to be put through a giant slicing machine, wrapped, and sealed, ready for the grocer's counter.

Variety in breads is one thing for which the housewife should strive. The reason why bread has often fallen into less use is because it has become monotonous as ordinarily served. There are so many flours used today that one may select a different loaf for every day, or at least for differing menus.

Housekeeping experts have two or three counts on which they automatically score housekeepers; one is—can they make a real good cup of tea, or coffee? Second, can they plain-boil a white potato? And third, in what condition is their breadbox, if an investigation were made at any unexpected hour of the day?

By their breadboxes shall ye know them! Because one of the best tests of thrift and good management is the use of bread, and its handling. No box all heaped with left-overs, or with green molded slices in its bottom, and parts of several loaves in varying degrees of staleness, can receive the Housewife's Silver Medal—no indeed!

Bread consumption is always increased by having variety in breads, as suggested, by toasting the slices, by using jam or jelly or marmalade or other spreads to give flavor and moisture. There are the familiar methods of using up stale bread—methods which however are too little practiced by the majority of housewives.

We may sneer at bread pudding, for example, but a well-made and seasoned bread pudding is delicious, and one that men in particular like. The pudding where slices of white bread are dipped in a custard mixture, then arranged on a shallow baking dish, sprinkled with cinnamon and raisins, etc., is an excellent one for this mid-Winter season.

Again, the use of French toast—the old-fashioned but equally tasty breakfast hot cake dish, where the sippets or slices of bread are also dipped in a thin custard, then fried on both sides, and eaten with jelly or syrup, is another Winter dish to be served frequently.

Every housewife knows the good idea of keeping a jar of dried, well-browned crumbs on hand—but how many do this? A few crumbs sprinkled over a boiled cauliflower, or over spinach or into canned tomatoes, or other boiled vegetables, "holds" the sauce, and makes for a crisp pleasing texture. Crumbs for breading meats and fish is too well known even to mention—but how often is this practice followed and used in the average home?

The use of croutons, or fried bread squares, is another way to utilize stale slices. This garnish adds greatly both to the flavor and the appearance of soups, particularly of the cream soups and those made from dried legumes, such as lentil, pea, or lima beans. Cut slices into one-half inch dice, drop into deep fat, or saute in bacon drippings until brown on all sides. Children love to fish for these tasty tidbits in their soup plate, and this method of serving gives added nourishment to the soup.

Many housewives think that stuffing is only an accompaniment to roast turkey and similar meats. But a well seasoned, shallow casserole of stuffing may accompany many other usual meats. For example, the simple dish of family pork chops, fried, or roasted in the entire loin, could have no more succulent side-dish than such a baking platter of savory stuffing—of course, using up considerable excess bread.

A lighter type of stuffing makes a good starchy accompaniment to baked fish. Make the stuffing or dressing as usual, season well with sage, or marjoram, thyme, onions, etc., place in a shallow, well-greased casserole, and bake by itself. This dish has much flavor, since by baking in this open style the top becomes crusty and very pleasing in texture.

"Our daily bread"—what is in it—and above all, how do we really cherish it? Bread is a large item in any food budget taken over the year, and its waste or its use may mean not only savings, but greater pleasure in the ordinary meal.

Pound Cake

BEAT 1 pound butter until smooth and creamy. Add 1 pound sifted granulated sugar slowly, beating constantly. Add the yolks of 1 pound of eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Beat in 1 pound flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder (omit baking powder if you like). Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 1 pound of eggs. (The number of eggs in a pound will depend upon the size. From 8 to 10 eggs usually make a pound.) Turn into buttered and floured tube pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 300 degrees, until delicately browned and well done, about 1½ hours.

Sea Shroud

By Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 23)

hoping that the person who had just gone out his window would return to the house this way. He waited for some time, but nobody came through the passage.

The man in his room might have entered from outside, slipped out again and stayed outside. Garrett discarded that theory because of the recent lights in the living room. These seemed to eliminate Vane, Celia, and any spy from off the island, none of whom could have passed through the living room.

The intruder might be a member of the household who had slipped out his own window and returned the same way. In addition to Osterhout and Garrett himself, three people had outside windows. They were Linklater, Sako and Brisson.

Finally the intruder might have come from the house, but regained the passage and his own room before Garrett reached the court. This was quite possible. Garrett had wasted a few seconds in the living room, and listening in his own room.

Almost certainly the intruder had come through the living room, lighting the lights there, and gone out by way of Garrett's bedroom window. He might be waiting in the passage now, waiting to get to his room.

Garrett's fingers closed on the gun in his side pocket. He crossed the court silently, all his faculties alert. As he gained the passage he caught the white blur of a face about to emerge from the darkness. He stepped back quickly.

Brisson appeared in the court, his sardonic black eyes seeking Garrett. "Good evening, Monsieur," he said politely.

"Hello," nodded Garrett. "Where have you been?"

Brisson stared. "I was not aware that Monsieur interested himself—"

"You'd better tell me," Garrett cut in.

"Very well. Monsieur Oster'out sent me with a message to Brice at the leetle 'ouse."

"And in the meantime?" asked Garrett at a venture. "I thought Frenchmen didn't like open bedroom windows."

"Monsieur? I do not understand w'at you say."

"Mr. Osterhout sent you in the middle of getting dinner?"

"It is cooking, Monsieur. Sako can attend to it."

"That's fine," said Garrett largely. "I was worried about my dinner. All right, my good man. See you later."

"At Monsieur's pleasure." The tone was grimly polite.

Garrett stood watching until Brisson had entered that hall door into the left wing. Then he threaded his way back to the living room and through to his own room. After pausing in the doorway to listen, he entered, closed the door and switched on the lights. His window was still open. Nothing else seemed disturbed. There was nobody in the room or the clothes closet.

He shut the window, locked them both and pulled down the shades. Moving warily, he studied the floor and then got down to look under the furniture. He stripped the bed, one sheet or blanket at a time, found nothing and remade the bed.

A minute search of the room proved equally fruitless.

With a puzzled frown, he picked up the china jug at his bedside and poured himself the glass of water that he had been wanting for the last two hours.

There was good clear drinking water on the island from a spring near the western beach. This was clear, but Garrett noticed an odor from it, or from something else in the room.

After sniffing the glass to make sure, he dipped his finger in the water and touched his tongue with it. Then he wiped his tongue quickly, detecting a slight numbness of that member, as well as an alien taste. He carried the glass to Osterhout's door and knocked sharply.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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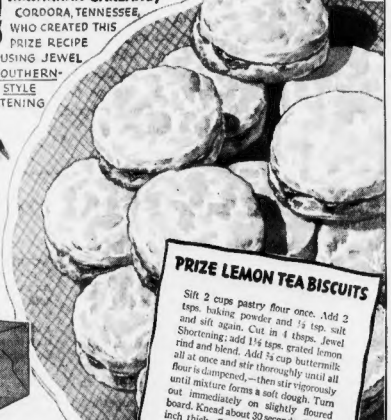

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Lamb Lends Itself to a Variety of Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Curried Lamb.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter and in it cook 1½ cups chopped celery and 1 minced onion. Add ¾ cup gravy or broth, 3 cups chopped cooked lean lamb, a few grains salt, a few grains pepper, ¼ teaspoon curry and 3 drops tabasco sauce. Mix well. Serve very hot in a border of steamed rice. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Lamb in Casserole.

CUT 2 pounds lamb shoulder into pieces for serving. Brown it in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings with 2 teaspoons minced onion. Turn into casserole dish. To the drippings in the pan add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add ¾ cup mushroom or meat stock and stir until smooth and thick. Pour over the meat in the casserole dish. Add 1 cup strained tomato pulp, 1 cup mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste and a little parsley, if you like it. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour.

Roast Lamb Gravy.

POUR the excess fat from the drippings in the pan. To the drippings remaining in the pan add 2 tablespoons flour and stir constantly until brown. Add 2 cups water and cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt and pepper and (if you are sure you like the flavor) a little parsley.

Roast Shoulder of Lamb.

REMOVE bones and fell from a shoulder of lamb weighing about 4 pounds. Reserve all the bones for seasoning soup. Wipe the boned meat with a clean damp cloth. Sprinkle the inside of the boned pocket with salt and pepper and stuff lightly with hot watercress or mint stuffing and sew up with coarse white thread. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Place on a rack in a roasting pan, lay three or four pieces of bacon over the meat, and cook for 30 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 480 degrees F., without adding any water. Then reduce heat and finish cooking at about 300 degrees F. for 2½ or 3 hours or until tender.

Roast Saddle of Lamb.

SELECT a saddle roast (loin) weighing about 6 pounds. Wipe with a damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Place on a rack in a roasting pan without water and sear for about 30 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 480 degrees F. Reduce the heat to about 300 degrees F. and continue cooking in an uncovered pan without water until the meat is done. The time required will be from 2½ to 3 hours. Carve the saddle in thin strips parallel to the backbone.

Mint Sauce.

MIX ⅓ cup water, ⅓ cup vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon salt and bring to boiling point. Remove from heat. Add 2 tablespoons chopped mint leaves and let stand several hours before serving.

Watercress Stuffing.

MELT 6 tablespoons butter and add 2 or 3 tablespoons minced celery and 1½ tablespoons minced onion. Stir until soft and delicately colored. Add 1½ cups finely chopped watercress, a few grains pepper and ¾ teaspoon salt. Cook gently until about dry. Add 3 cups dry bread crumbs and mix lightly.

What to Serve with Lamb or Mutton.

LEG of lamb: browned potatoes; green vegetables (peas, spinach, turnips, asparagus, broccoli or cauliflower); and relish (currant jelly, mint or caper sauce, or mint sherbet). Roast shoulder: browned or mashed potatoes; green vegetable (peas, asparagus, beans or spinach); and relish (mint sauce or currant jelly). Crown roast: mashed potatoes, green vegetable (cauliflower, green peas, etc.) and bread dressing and mint sherbet. Saddle of lamb: rice or mashed potatoes; green vegetable (spinach, turnips, cauliflower, etc.) and currant jelly and bread dressing. Rolled breast: mashed potatoes and bread dressing; green vegetable (green Lima beans or Swiss chard) and any favorite relish. Boiled mutton or lamb: dumplings or mashed potatoes; green vegetable (peas, string beans or Brussels sprouts) and onion, caper or hard cooked egg sauce. Broiled chops: creamed potatoes; green peas or asparagus and mint or currant jelly. Saratoga chops: French fried potatoes; cauliflower or broccoli and tart jelly. Breaded chops: au gratin potatoes; spinach or green peas and tomato sauce. Steaks: French fried potatoes; green peas or beans; tart jelly or steamed apples. Lamb patties: au gratin potatoes; green beans or mashed turnips, tomato sauce or melted currant jelly sauce. Braised neck: boiled rice, creamed carrots or scalloped tomatoes; and curry or caper sauce. Stew: boiled potatoes, dumplings or baking powder biscuits; turnips, parsnips, onions.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prune Juice,	Sliced	Orange Juice,	Apricots,	Grapefruit,	Grapes,	Stewed
Whole Grain	Pineapple,	Hot Cereal,	Cereal,	Hot Cereal,	Cereal,	Prunes,
Cereal,	Cereal,	Poached Eggs	Broiled Bacon,	Broiled	Muffins,	Cereal,
Scrambled	Soft Cooked	on Raw Potato	Baked	Sausage Balls,	Coffee.	French Toast,
Eggs,	Eggs,	Pancakes,	Potatoes,	French	*Luncheon*	Marmalade,
Toast or	Melba Toast	Melba Toast,	Coffee.	Pancakes,	Emergency	Coffee.
Delicate	or Currant	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Toast,	Bouillon,	*Dinner*
Muffins,	Buns,	*Luncheon*	Risotto,	Coffee.	Scalloped	Roast
Marmalade,	Coffee.	Spaghetti	Lettuce	*Luncheon*	Left-Overs,	Shoulder
Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Italienne,	with Radish	Baked	Salt Rising	of Lamb with
Luncheon	Spaghetti	Grapefruit	Dressing,	Macaroni or	Bread or	Currant
Vegetable	Italienne,	Salad,	French Rolls,	Cheese	Icebox Rolls,	Mint Sauce,
Chowder,	Grapefruit	French Dressing,	Fruit,	Fondue,	Jelled	Pan Roasted
Icebox	Salad,	Cocoa.	Cocoa.	Salad of	Stuffed Pear	Potatoes,
Graham	French Dressing,	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Green and Raw	and Cheese	Green Peas,
Rolls,	Cocoa.	Mixed Grill of	(Company)	Vegetables,	Salad,	Shredded
Fruit	*Dinner*	Meat Balls,	Broiled Fillet	Rolls,	Cocoa or Tea.	Lettuce
Compote,	Casserole	Stuffed Sweet	Mignon,	Cocoa.	*Dinner*	Salad,
Moravian	of Ham and	Potatoes,	Broiled	*Dinner*	Braised	Radish
Cookies,	Noodles,	Broiled	Mushrooms,	Tomato	Veal Cutlets,	and Chives
Tea.	Buttered	Pineapple and	French Fried	Juice	Baked Potatoes,	Dressing,
Dinner	String Beans,	Green String	Potatoes,	Cocktail,	Scalloped	Chocolate
Lamb Patties,	Cucumber and	Beans,	Chili Sauce,	Broiled	Tomatoes,	Bread
Au Gratin	Tomato Salad,	Shredded	Jelled	Fish Fillets,	Buttered	Pudding.
Potatoes,	French	Cabbage Salad,	Grapefruit	Asparagus	Broccoli,	*Supper*
Currant Jelly	Dressing,	Relish	Salad,	Hollandaise,	Dill Pickles	Toasted
Sauce,	Baked Peach	Dressing,	Orange French	Paprika	(with Brown	Sandwiches,
Green Beans,	Pudding with	Apricot Babas	Dressing,	Potatoes,	Sugar),	Jelly Jumbles,
Banana Upside-Down Cake.	Golden Vanilla Sauce.	(Polish Style).	Stuffed Dates, Coffee.	Loganberry Blanc Mange.	Canned Fruit Shortcake.	Cocoa or Buttermilk

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3. Grease griddle very lightly. Don't pour grease on. Spread it thinly with pad.
4. Pour batter into griddle. Let each side bake until brown.

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